



No. 612.—VOL. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS,

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. JOHN HARTMAN MORGAN, OF THE INNER TEMPLE, HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED. (SEE PAGES 4 AND 29)

Photograph by the Gainsborough Studio.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Oct. 17.

THE heathen—that is to say, the unclean-minded—still rage furiously round Mr. Pinero's dancing doll. They want to know this and they want to know that; they think this and they think that. The result of all their sickly imaginings is that they miss the very point of the dramatist's joke, namely, to make the play-going public laugh at something that is not worth laughing at. Everyone who goes to see "A Wife without a Smile" at Wyndham's Theatre will hold his sides with laughter; when he gets home, though, that same person will be ashamed of his laughter. That is the time for Mr. Pinero to laugh—when the curtain has fallen, the lights are out, the doll is put away, and the playgoers' gold is being locked up in large safes. There is no reason, either, why the dramatist should have any qualms of conscience. Having offered the playgoer good wine in the past, he now sets before him that which is worse. Is it Mr. Pinero's fault if the playgoer's palate is vitiated? Does the housewife warn the fly that the fly-paper is sticky? Not a bit of it. She may be sorry, in her heart, for the fly, but her first concern is to rid her house of a nuisance. Mr. Pinero's concern is to open the playgoer's eyes to his own folly. Believe it or not as you will, "A Wife without a Smile" will do more good to the art of drama in this country than a thousand speeches at the playgoers' clubs.

Mr. George Alexander, it is evident, loves a play wherein he is called upon to take the place of some other gentleman in a higher walk of life. The idea, of course, is essentially interesting, and it can always be made picturesque by the simple dodge of allowing Mr. Alexander to fall in love with the wife of the man whom he is impersonating. In "The Prisoner of Zenda," to be sure, she was not yet married; the effect, however, was all the more telling since it permitted of a keener struggle 'twixt love and honour. In "The Garden of Lies," his present play, the lady is again a Princess. Here, as you will remember, the husband is good enough to get killed before the beginning of the fourth Act, leaving Mr. Alexander to wed the beautiful Princess. The new play for the St. James's, I understand, is to be a dramatised version of "John Chilcote, M.P." John Chilcote, certainly, is not a Prince, but he is a prominent politician. The strength of the story, let us hope, may reconcile the St. James's public to the absence of "costume." At any rate, those of them who have not read the book will be gratified to learn that Mr. Alexander falls in love with Mrs. Chilcote, and that Chilcote, that dramatic one, is good enough to clear the way for a satisfactory ending to the piece.

The busiest morning of the week at *The Sketch* Office is Monday morning. I give you this piece of information, not only that you may excuse the obvious shortcomings of these unpretentious notes, but also in the hope that I may check the extraordinary post-Sabbatarian zeal of the outside contributor. Our mail on Monday morning is always twice as bulky as on any other morning, for the very simple reason that the free-lance, whether literary or artistic, spends his Sunday in re-addressing and re-despatching all those stories and sketches that have been returned to him during the week. The plan, let me tell him, is not a good one. An editor of any experience shrewdly suspects the Monday morning package. There is a lack of freshness, somehow or other, about the Monday morning drawing. The Monday morning manuscript, too, is apt to be a trifle travel-stained; I have even known the rejection-form of another journal to lie concealed between two of its dog-eared pages. The outside contributor should remember, moreover, that an editor, whether he is particularly busy that day or otherwise, is sure to be rather more exigent on a Monday. The editor refreshed by thirty-six hours at the seaside is apt to cavil at a *dénouement* that, by the following Friday, he would consider quite passable. In other words, the jaded editor is the more likely to welcome a week end. (I ask your pardon. I was in town the whole of yesterday.)

By KEBLE HOWARD
(*"Chicot"*).

Among the odd collection awaiting me this morning, I find two little journals run by faddists. Each of them is of the same size, shape, and style. Their titles are the *Rational Dress Gazette* and the *Brutalitarian*. The *Rational Dress Gazette* is an old friend. I always read it with great interest, more particularly the letters addressed to the editor by unfortunate ladies who complain that ultra-fashionable clothes are extremely uncomfortable and make life a burden. The editor, I am sure, is a good and worthy woman, but I sometimes wonder why she does not advise these correspondents to adopt a less complicated form of attire. Perhaps, however, she has to devote all her spare time to the writing of the leader. This month, I notice, she has taken for her subject "The Little Vulgar Boy." The little vulgar boy, as a matter of fact, is a very serious stumbling-block to the dress-reformer. The only thing she can do by way of retaliation is to write about the little wretch in the *Rational Dress Gazette*. "He is a harmless little creature," she says, "until he grows up and becomes a hooligan." That's the sort of thing to make the little vulgar boy thoroughly ashamed of himself. The worst of it is, he is hardly the sort of person to subscribe to the *Rational Dress Gazette*.

The *Brutalitarian* appears for the first time, and is described, officially, as "a journal for the sane and strong." The writing, without a doubt, is strong. "It is full time," cries the editor, "in this age of decadent humanitarianism, that some trumpet-tongued protest were raised against the prevalent sentimentality . . ."—and so forth. A little later I find the trumpet-tongued one pleading eloquently for more flogging: "If we are fools enough to allow the use of the lash to die out, good-bye to all the sterling traits in an Englishman's character! It is through flogging that the Englishman has developed that toughness of fibre and splendid moral stamina which is the wonder of an envious world; and shall all this be cast aside, as if it were nothing, because a few sickly, neurotic humanitarians are averse to the infliction of physical pain?" Far be it from me to quibble, but are not these noble sentiments a little at variance with the "Words of the Wise" quoted on another page of the *Brutalitarian*? Says one of the wise: "All the animals in God's creation should suffer the excruciating tortures of hell for millions of years provided that by doing this they saved humanity from a pain in its little finger for five minutes." The sane and strong, apparently, must choose between the words of the editor and the words of the wise.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton, the well-known literary journalist and biographer, has written a very honest tale of journalistic life, entitled "The Call of the Town." The leading character in the book is a Warwickshire lad who drifts—or plunges—into journalism. His father, a village postmaster and tobacconist, pays twenty-five pounds to the editor of a local "rag" who promises to teach the boy his business. The editor, having pocketed the money, bothers himself not at all about his apprentice. The Warwickshire boy, however, manages to acquire the rudiments of the trade without much assistance from anybody, and, at the age of twenty-two, finds himself editor of a provincial daily. From this time onwards he goes through the usual trials, heart-burnings, disillusionments, aspirations, wearinesses, and the like. In good time, then, he finds his way to London and a sub-editorship. He spends an evening at the "Pen and Pencil Club"—possibly the Whitefriars—and is introduced to several famous authors, with whom he is bitterly disappointed. He is jilted, begins a pessimistic novel, destroys the manuscript, and finally settles down, having married his first love, to a life of journalism. Those who have been absorbed by the town will appreciate the frankness of Mr. Hammerton's novel; those who are still in the throes of the "call" may find it a useful deterrent.

"A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE": MR. PINERO'S BITTER JOKE.

THE DANCING DOLL AND THE OTHER PUPPETS AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")



THE CLUBMAN.

The Town of Cognac—Biarritz in October.

THERE are plenty of subjects for an artist to be found in Cognac. The old palace of Francis I., with the salamanders carved under its big window, and little towers jutting at unexpected points from the mass of the great building, is impressive, in spite of its coating of minute black fungi, which looks like London soot, and there is an old street on the slope of the hill, the Rue des Saulniers, where the worthies of the town lived in mediaeval times, which is as narrow and as crooked and as out of repair as any lover of the picturesque could desire. A gutter is in the centre of the road, but on either side the old houses with bulging walls have carved doorways and heavy window-frames, and curious old chimneys and great gargoyles break the sky-line with excellent effect.

Cognac possesses a park of which its inhabitants are both proud and a little afraid. The park has a terrace, overlooking the river, where the children play, but the remainder of the ground is a thick oak-wood, which might be the heart of a forest, and in which run many shady paths. It has its dangers as well as its delights, and the people of Cognac tell of a murder committed there and of the impossibility of tracing the murderer. It has another little park with a less evil reputation which surrounds the Town Hall, the mansion of a brandy magnate of past days, to which the town has added a fine portico, a clock, a tower, and the usual inscriptions concerning liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The chief impression which I carried away of Cognac was of acres of hogsheads in three ranks, one above the other, in vast, sooty sheds. On the front barrels of each line are mystic letters in chalk, which give the history of the golden liquid within, which farmer produced the wine from his grapes, in which section of the country his vineyard lay, in what year the brandy was distilled, and in what distillery. I asked one of the great men of the town how many barrels I had

looked at in his stores, and he told me forty thousand. Another impressive sight was to gaze down into a great blending-vat where the contents of sixty hogsheads of brandy were being stirred by two great wooden fans shaped like the propellers of a steamer.

Having seen most of the sights of the town of brandy, I started southwards to overtake the retreating summer, and found sunshine at Biarritz. I have generally made my pilgrimages to the pleasure-town near the Spanish frontier in September, when the hotel-keepers consider it a favour to allow a visitor to occupy a bedroom at thirty francs a night, and it was a new experience to find proprietors competing who should have the honour of housing one at quite a nominal price, and to see the faces of the *maîtres d'hôtels* of restaurants becoming wreathed with smiles to greet a new diner.

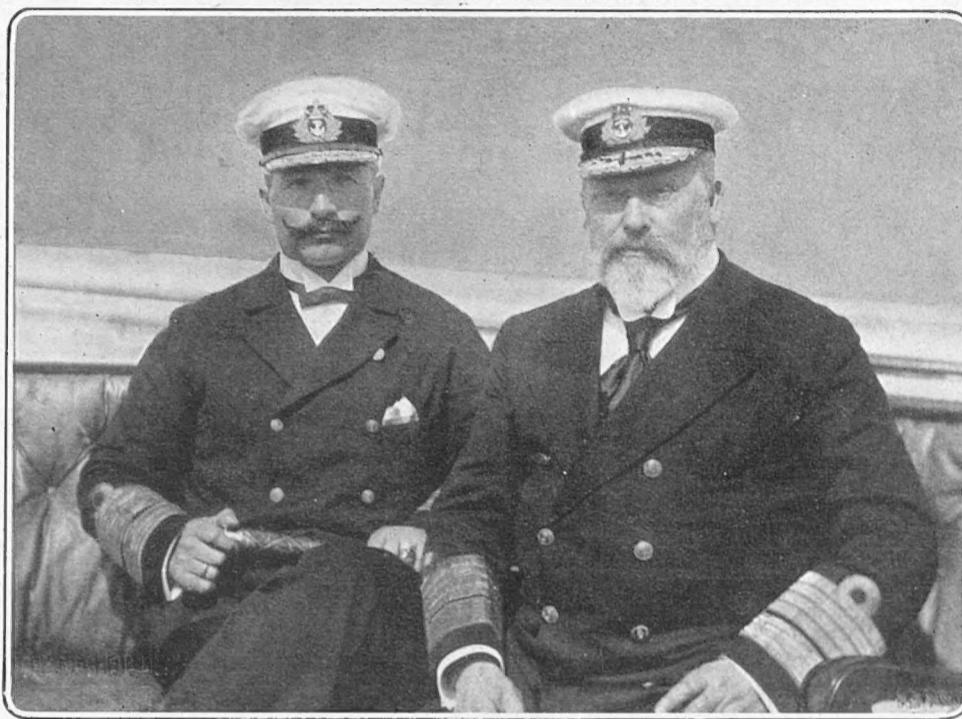
Except that there is a bite in the air of the evenings which necessitates a great-coat, Biarritz is just as delightful in October as it is in the earlier months. One day, rain-squalls came coursing across the Atlantic, and monster waves rushed through the arches of the rocks and struck the recesses of the caverns with a "phlop" which told of immense strength wasted, and flung great sheets of water into the garden of the partly rebuilt Palace Hotel; but on the other days, as yet, of my stay there has

been a cloudless sky, and the Atlantic has broken its great swell on the rocks at the mouth of the bay and sent long white ridges of surf in orderly procession towards the sand.

Most of the French birds-of-passage have left Biarritz and gone north to the City of Light, where the reopening of the Variétés is the signal of recall to all good Parisians; but the Spaniards came over in force from San Sebastian when the Court there broke up, and have remained later than usual, and many English have postponed their departure day after day, being loth, as I am, to leave the sunshine.

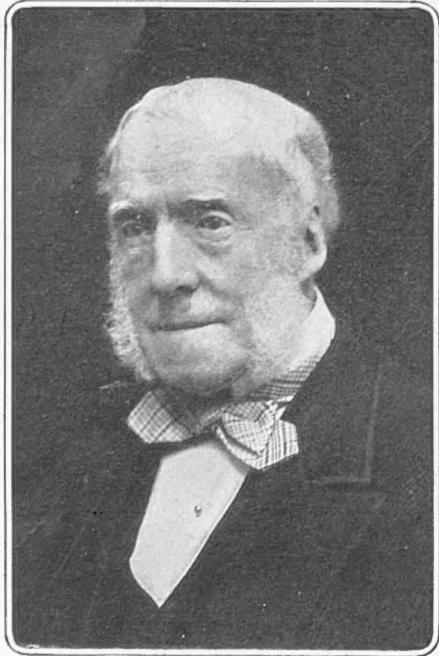
DEATH OF MR. CHARLES MORTON.

As we are printing, we regret to learn that Mr. Charles Morton died at three o'clock this (Tuesday) morning at his residence.



KING EDWARD AND THE KAISER: A SIGNIFICANT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT KIEL IN JUNE OF THIS YEAR.

By F. O. Lundt.



MR. CHARLES MORTON,
WHO HAS JUST RESIGNED HIS POST AS MANAGER OF
THE PALACE THEATRE. (SEE PAGE 29.)
Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. JOHN HARTMAN MORGAN,
ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MISS MARGARET
HALSTAN.
From a Snapshot.



MR. ALFRED BUTT,
WHO IS TO SUCCEED MR. MORTON AS MANAGER OF
THE PALACE THEATRE.
Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

THE REVIVAL OF COMIC OPERA IN LONDON.



MISS MAUDI DARRELL AS DENISE IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

OCT. 19, 1904

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 punctually, SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY,
THE TEMPEST.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

GARRICK. — MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 8.45 in THE CHEVALEER, by Henry Arthur
Jones. At 8 "The Conversion of Nat Sturge." MATINEES WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Mr. Frank Curzon, Lessee and
Manager. EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, SERGEANT BRUE (of the "C" Division),
a Musical Farce in Three Acts by Owen Hall. Music by Madame Liza Lehmann. Lyrics by
J. Hickory Wood. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the Romantic Play entitled
HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT.
MR. LEWIS WALLER, MR. H. V. ESMOND, MISS EVELYN MILLARD, &c.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

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ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS ("HENGLER'S").
THE ONLY ANIMAL CIRCUS IN THE WORLD.
As performed before Their MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN and Royal Family at
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Children half-price to all parts.—OXFORD CIRCUS STATION.

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THE MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA, ONE OF THE FINEST ON THE SOUTH
COAST, PERFORMS TWICE DAILY.
Send Six Penny Stamps to Town Clerk for Beautifully Illustrated Guide.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL,
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.
MODERN APPOINTMENTS.
MODERATE TARIFF.

The King (May 14, 1904): "Times and seasons must be noted by patrons of the Turf, and no time should be lost, for it is marvellous with what rapidity one great event follows on another and the summer slips away. If you want to know all about everything connected with racing matters for 1904, and fix up your engagements while there is yet time, you cannot do better than consult a little waistcoat-pocket found-at-once diary, bound in red leather and mounted with sterling silver, which will give you at a glance all you want to know. It is issued to his clients gratis upon written application by Mr. D. M. Gant, of 25, Conduit Street, London. Mr. Gant is not here to-day and gone to-morrow, but for many years past he has been carrying on a steady business at the same address, charging no commission and fixing no limit. Some years ago we called the attention of our sporting readers to Mr. Gant's reliable methods."

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
OCTOBER 22.

THE HORRORS OF WAR:
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.

MR. PINERO'S DOLL AT WYNDHAM'S: The Production
of "A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE."

THE MOTOR ACCIDENT TO THE
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

A POSSIBLE OPHIR: A BURIED CITY IN RHODESIA.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
OCTOBER 22.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

CHAPPELL BALLAD CONCERTS,
QUEEN'S HALL.
FIRST CONCERT of the SEASON
Saturday Afternoon next, Oct. 22; at 3 o'clock.
Tickets 6s. (admit four, 21s., 3s., 2s., 1s., of
CHAPPELL and CO., Limited, New Bond Street,
CHAPPELL'S Box Office, Queen's Hall, and usual Agents.

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STREETER'S,
BOND STREET.

GEM COLLECTORS'
CLEARANCE SALE
BOND STREET.

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SOLID
SILVER.

This is the Gem for
XMAS PRESENTS.
The idea of this Gem being unlucky
has gone to oblivion, and it is now
considered the luckiest of gifts.
To clear, 6s. IN THE £
IS OFFERED OFF
ALL THE JEWELLERY.

May obtain a specimen of every known
Gem (rough and cut) from
STREETER'S
well-known collection (mentioned in his
standard Work on Precious Stones and Gems),
in a Case from £40.
STREETER'S, Ltd.,
18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

This superior stock of
SOLID SILVER ARTICLES
to be cleared before Xmas,
at a reduction of
3s. IN THE £
OFF MARKED PRICES,
at STREETER and CO., LTD.,
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BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES.—The Pullman Limited. Every
Sunday from Victoria 11 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s.

FIRST CLASS DAY RETURN TICKETS.—BRIGHTON
from Victoria, SUNDAYS at 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., First Class, 10s.; Pullman 12s.
WEEK-DAYS at 10.5 a.m., Pullman, 12s. Similar tickets to WORTHING.
EASTBOURNE.—From Victoria, Sundays, 9.25 a.m., First Class, 10s., and 11.15 a.m., Pullman
12s. Week-days 9.50 a.m., First Class 10s., and Pullman 12s.
BEXHILL and HASTINGS.—On Sundays from Victoria and London Bridge at 9.25 a.m.
Fare, Bexhill 10s., Hastings 10s. 6d.

SOUTH COAST RESORTS.—Cheap Day Return Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) Week-days and Sundays to Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places
(Hastings to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight inclusive) from London and Suburban Stations,
Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Details of Superintendent of the Line, Brighton Railway, London Bridge.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.
FOLKESTONE RACES,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

LEAVING		LEAVING	
*CHARING CROSS	... 10 50	ASHFORD	... 12 10
	11 2	HASTINGS	... 11 43
+CHARING CROSS	... 10 15	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	... 11 16
	10 30	(Changing at Tonbridge)	
WATERLOO	... 10 17	BRIGHTON	... 10 18
	10 32	LEWES	... 10 38
LONDON BRIDGE	... 10 22	EASTBOURNE	... 10 40
	10 37	MARGATE SANDS	... 11 15
+NEW CROSS	... 10 39	RAMSGATE TOWN	... 11 25
EAST CROYDON	... 10 45	CANTERBURY WEST	... 12 4
RED HILL	... 10 26	CANTERBURY SOUTH	... 12 12
EDENBRIDGE	... 10 47	DOVER TOWN	... 12 10
PENSURST	... 11 7	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	... 12 20
TONBRIDGE	... 11 18	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL	... 12 24
CHATHAM (M.L.)	... 11 30	SHORNCLIFFE	... 12 42
STROOD (S.E.)	... 9 45		2 17
MAIDSTONE BARRACKS	... 10 45		12 28
MAIDSTONE WEST	... 11 5		2 46
	11 8		2 21

* Club Train, First Class only, Return Day Fare, 8s.

+ Third Class only, and Return Day Fare, 5s.

The Third Class Fares (except from Folkestone, Shorncliffe, and L.B. and S.C. Stations, include admission to the Course. The First Class Fares do not include admission.

Special Trains will be run to London and principal Stations after the Races.

For Return Day Fares from the above and certain other Country Stations, see Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, HUDDERSFIELD, HALIFAX,
Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, Southport, Cleethorpes, York, Scarborough,
NEWCASTLE, AND NUMEROUS OTHER TOWNS AND HOLIDAY
Resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and Scotland can be obtained, free, on
APPLICATION AT MARYLEBONE STATION AND COMPANY'S
Town Offices or Agencies.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

STREETER'S STANDARD WORK ON PRECIOUS STONES
AND GEMS (ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAINING), 15s.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

*The Princess of
Wales at King's
Lynn.*

The Princess
of Wales to-
day (19th)

OUR KING, with the wonderful tact which has always distinguished him, greatly gratified the whole of the French medical profession by the long and admirably worded telegram which was read by Sir William Broadbent at the great banquet given last week in honour of those French medical men who were visiting London. His Majesty expressed the hope that mutual benefit to both France and England would result from this

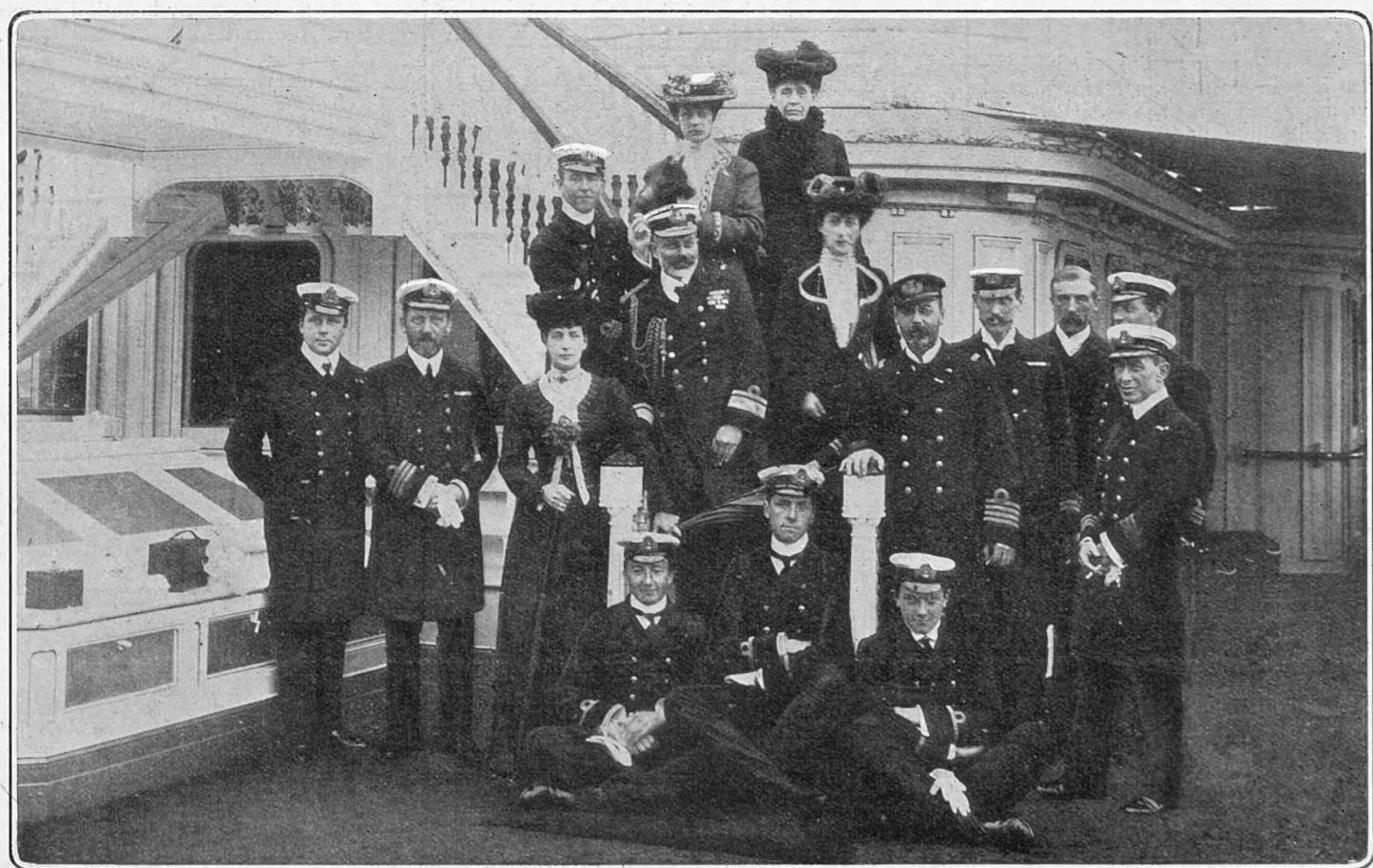
will be present at a most interesting educational gathering in the old-world Norfolk town of King's Lynn. Her Royal Highness is to present the prizes to the scholars of the High School for Girls, and she will also receive purses in aid of the building fund. The Princess has always been intensely interested in educational matters; she is herself far more highly accomplished than many people realise, her knowledge of contemporary history being particularly good. The late Duchess of Teck delighted in the company of distinguished statesmen, and her only daughter was given every opportunity of meeting prominent people in the political world, one of the houses to which "Princess May" often accompanied her mother being that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. After a short holiday in Norfolk, Her Royal Highness, accompanied by her children, will go to Frogmore, where she and the Prince of Wales will reside during the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to Windsor Castle.

most interesting interchange of national courtesies, and in a few touching words our Sovereign made reference to his meeting with the most famous of French physicians, the late M. Pasteur. By the King's special wish, a selection from among London's French visitors paid a visit of inspection to "King Edward the Seventh's Hospital for Officers." They were received by Miss Agnes Keyser and her staff, and expressed very great interest in the admirable arrangements made for the patients.

A Royal Yachting Group. The Queen and her daughters have always been extremely fond of the sea, and when Her Majesty was still a young matron she delighted in spending a yachting holiday in the company of her children. Both Her Majesty and the Princesses set a good example to smart yachtswomen, for their sea-going costumes are always extremely neat and workmanlike, and the Queen remains faithful to blue and white serge. Copenhagen has become a great Royal yachting-centre, and there many interesting gatherings take place on the decks of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, the *Standart*, and the *Hohenzollern*. But this year the Emperor and Empress of Russia have not elected to leave the Russian Empire, and the German Emperor has also been conspicuous by his absence.

A Future Peeress. The news of Lord Ennismore's engagement to Miss Freda Johnstone is of moment to Irish Society, for Lord and Lady Listowel have always made a point of spending the greater part of each year in Ireland, and they are immensely popular in County Cork. Lord Ennismore has now been a popular bachelor elder son for something like fifteen years, for he was thirty-eight last month. He was for a while in the Life Guards, but it was while serving with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa that he was taken prisoner. He is an only son as well as an elder son, and his two sisters are both well married—the eldest, Lady Margaret Loder, being a sister-in-law of the owner of Pretty Polly. The Hare family have a very odd motto, which runs, "I hate whatever is profane": they have always been in favour at Court, and Lord and Lady Listowel have entertained the King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, at Convamore, which overlooks one of the loveliest stretches of the Blackwater, beloved alike of artists and fishermen. Lord Ennismore's mother was Lady Ernestine Bruce, and through her Miss Johnstone's future bridegroom is connected with many great folk. His bride-elect is a niece of the popular diplomatist, Mr. Alan Johnstone, and she is, of course, a grand-daughter of Lord Derwent.

The Hon. Charlotte Knollys.



The Queen. Princess Victoria. Princess Maud.

THE QUEEN AND HER TWO YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT." FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH RECENTLY TAKEN AT COPENHAGEN.



LADY DELAMERE, AN ENTHUSIASTIC TRAVELLER AND EXPLORER.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

which they have become almost as much attached as they are to their historic home, Vale Royal, in whose library, by the way, is preserved one of the earliest manuscript copies of "The Canterbury Tales." Lord Delamere is one of those noblemen to whom modern England owes much—he has been a fearless and daring as well as an intelligent explorer, and now he and his beautiful young wife are doing everything in their power to help colonise East Africa. They are delighted with the climate, and Lord Delamere is proving in a most practical manner that there is a fortune to be made in sugar and cotton. Lady Delamere's Christian name is Florence, for she was called after her parents' beautiful place on Loch Erne, Florence Court. There, when in the United Kingdom, she and her little children are very warmly welcomed, for the various members of Lord Enniskillen's family are all devoted to one another.

A New Engagement. A large social circle is interested in the forthcoming marriage of Mr. Patrick de Bathe, Sir Henry de Bathe's younger son, who has now been for some time in the diplomatic service—he is attached to the Berlin Embassy—to Miss Wood, whose mother, Mrs. Nicholas Wood, is a well-known member of Northamptonshire society. The veteran Sussex Baronet has a charming place within a drive from Goodwood, and both he and his sons are very popular in the neighbourhood. The future bridegroom has several pretty sisters, of whom, perhaps, the best known is Mrs. McCalmont.

The Author of "John Chilcote, M.P." Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston is one of the most attractive and gifted of the younger group of literary women who have suddenly leapt into fame through a successful work of fiction. The daughter of a distinguished Irish journalist, Mrs. Thurston lived all her childhood and girlhood in intellectual and literary society; but it was not till after her marriage to a young London journalist that she wrote her first novel, "The Circle." This story, which was both ingenious and clever, was published by Messrs. Blackwood, and won instant recognition from critics and public. "John Chilcote, M.P." first appeared as a serial in the pages of *Maga*, and then, suddenly obtaining topical interest from the occurrence of the Beck case, it was republished serially in the *Daily Mail*, where it proved most popular with what is, perhaps, the widest circle of readers belonging to any newspaper constituency in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston have a pretty, old-world house in the Royal Borough, and there they often entertain their fellow-writers. Each summer they take

Lady Delamere. Lady Delamere, who is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Enniskillen, is as enthusiastic a traveller and explorer as is her distinguished husband. Since their marriage they have spent quite an appreciable portion of their life in East Africa, where they have a beautiful estate, to

a long holiday in Ireland, for Mrs. Thurston has remained passionately devoted to her native country.

New Italian Titles. In celebration of the birth of an heir to the Crown of Italy, King Victor Emmanuel has issued a decree conferring new titles on the sons of the Duke of Aosta. On Prince Amadeus he has conferred the title of Duke of Apulia, which is to be borne for the future by the eldest son of the House of Savoy-Aosta, and on Prince Aymon he has conferred the personal title of Duke of Spoleto. By another decree the King has given the following titles to the sons of the Duke of Genoa: Prince Ferdinand is to bear the title of Prince of Udine, which is always to be borne by the eldest son of the House of Savoy-Genoa; Prince Philibert is to have the personal title of Duke of Pistoia, and Prince Adalbert is to be known by the personal title of Duke of Bergamo.



MISS VIOLET WOOD,
ENGAGED TO MR. PATRICK DE BATHE, YOUNGER SON OF
GENERAL SIR HENRY DE BATHE, BART.
Photograph by Langford, Old Bond Street, W.

some seven years ago, the fortunate bridegroom was felt to have kept up the family tradition of marriage with young ladies of exceptional beauty as well as of high birth. Lady Peel is one of the best amateur musicians in Society, and she has done much to bring a knowledge of modern foreign music to her friends.

Fencer, Novelist, Playwright. Mr. Egerton Castle has won fame and favour in many fields,

and he is one of the most amiable and cosmopolitan of contemporary writers, while he is also part-proprietor of the *Liverpool Mercury*. It is, of course, as a novelist that Mr. Castle is best known, and as joint author, with his wife, of such delightful romances as "Incomparable Bellairs," "Young April," and "The Pride of Jennico." His hobby is fencing, and he published many years ago a most elaborate treatise on the art of self-defence. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle are the young-looking parents of a pretty débutante daughter, who has inherited a full share of her mother's wit and Irish charm of manner.

The Kaiser's Bag. The Kaiser killed at Romintin an old stag which weighed no less than twenty-seven stone. Its antlers were over four feet long, and the right branch had fifteen tines and the left thirteen. The Emperor gave to the poor of Romintin and the beaters and underkeepers of the forest as many thousands of marks as the stag had tines, or twenty-eight thousand marks in all. This makes the seventh stag which the Kaiser has killed this season at Romintin.

Lady Peel. The present Lady Peel is a worthy successor of the many beautiful women who have borne the title she now bears. She was before her marriage to the young Baronet who is the latter-day representative of one of the most famous of Victorian statesmen Baroness Mercédès de Graffenreid, and when the wedding took place,



LADY PEEL, WIFE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

The late Mr. Heywood Johnstone. By the death of Mr. Heywood Johnstone, Member for the Horsham Division, the Conservative Party in the House of Commons has lost a man of marked individuality. The air of a former generation surrounded Mr. Johnstone, and, with his very high and narrow-rimmed hat, he looked an ancient Squire. He had a quiet manner, with a capacity for pungent speech, and was regarded as a high authority on rural affairs and Local Government. In the Committee-rooms he did a great deal of a useful form of service which receives slight public acknowledgment. Many members shirk Committee-work on Private Bills, but fortunately there are others, like Mr. Heywood Johnstone, who take pleasure in it. He was a great smoker, and, being a politician without bitterness, he was a favourite in the Smoking-room.

The Sullivans. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the author of "God Save Ireland," who in his seventy-eighth year is about to publish "Recollections of Troubled Times in Ireland," belongs to a family which has been closely connected with the House of Commons. Three brothers have sat in the House. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, an eloquent speaker as well as a brilliant writer, came first, and was subsequently joined by Mr. T. D. Sullivan. Then, after the former quitted the House, Mr. Donal Sullivan was returned, and now he alone remains. Mr. Donal has been a Member since 1885. He spends his days at the National Liberal Club and his nights at the House, and only misses a division when directed by his Leader to



LADY DILKE, WIFE OF SIR CHARLES DILKE.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

abstain from voting. There is another connection of the family in Parliament—no less a person than Mr. Timothy Healy, who is married to a daughter of Mr. T. D. Sullivan. All the three brothers who have been in Parliament were connected with the *Nation*. Another brother is a "K.C."

Lady Dilke. Lady Dilke has now been for some years an important political hostess, and she was before her marriage to the distinguished politician whose name she now bears very popular in learned circles, first as the wife and then as the widow of the famous Mark Pattison, whom some people believe was described by George Eliot in "Middlemarch," and who was a brother of that Victorian saint, "Sister Dora." Lady Dilke, who herself comes of good military stock, has long taken an enthusiastic interest in Women's Trades Unions, and she is now a great authority on the subject, her other speciality and hobby being, curiously enough, French art, on which wide subject she has written for something like forty years. Her principal relaxation and pleasure is riding, and all those who take a constitutional in Hyde Park in the early morning are familiar with this intrepid horsewoman, who is always mounted on a fine Arab thoroughbred which was sent her from Turkey some years ago and which bears the quaint name of Wifadah, "the Faithful One." Lady Dilke, who is fond of the country and country life, has a cottage near Woking which is a treasure-house of beautiful and interesting things, for both she and Sir Charles are enthusiastic connoisseurs.

A Coming Bride. Early in November takes place a marriage of interest to Scottish Society, for the bride is Miss E. Mackenzie, a niece of Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham, who is

Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian, while the bridegroom is Captain Wolfe Murray.

Miss Astor's Marriage.

The most interesting of the forthcoming Society marriages is that of Miss Pauline Astor and Captain Spender Clay, the young ex-Guardsman who played a notable and creditable part in one of the last great law cases of the nineteenth century. Miss Astor is the only daughter of the great Anglo-American millionaire; but she has spent most of her girlhood in this country, for years have gone by since Mr. W. W. Astor shook the dust of America from his feet. Miss Astor, since the premature and lamented death of her gifted and beautiful mother, has acted as hostess of historic Cliveden, the splendid place on the Thames which was sold to its present owner by the late Duke of Westminster in 1893. There Mr. Astor and his daughter often entertain noted men and women in the social, artistic, and political worlds. Miss Astor's engagement to various great *partis* has been often rumoured; but, unlike most heiresses, she has elected to wed a commoner, and a man of great wealth, for Captain Spender Clay is one of the largest shareholders in Bass's Brewery. His young bride will undoubtedly prove a pleasant addition to the wealthy hostesses of Society, the more so that she will have a social godmother in Captain Spender Clay's sister, the pretty and popular Lady Bingham.



CAPTAIN SPENDER CLAY, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MISS PAULINE ASTOR.

Photograph by Beresford.



MISS E. MACKENZIE (NIECE OF MRS. DICK-CUNYNGHAM), TO BE MARRIED TO CAPTAIN WOLFE MURRAY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

A Royal Engagement.

The news of the engagement of the King of Spain's youngest sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria is given added interest owing to the fact that the Princess is in the direct line of the Succession, Spain, like England and the Netherlands, being one of the few countries where the Salic law does not obtain. Prince Ferdinand is the young Infanta's first-cousin, for he is one of the many children of the kindly and pious Spanish Infanta, Maria Paz, who married a Bavarian Prince and who is famed throughout Germany for her many good works. Prince Ferdinand will, after his marriage, live in Spain, for, according to tradition, those Spanish Princesses who have any chance of ultimately becoming reigning Sovereigns are not expected to marry into other countries.

A New Claimant to the Disputed Principality.

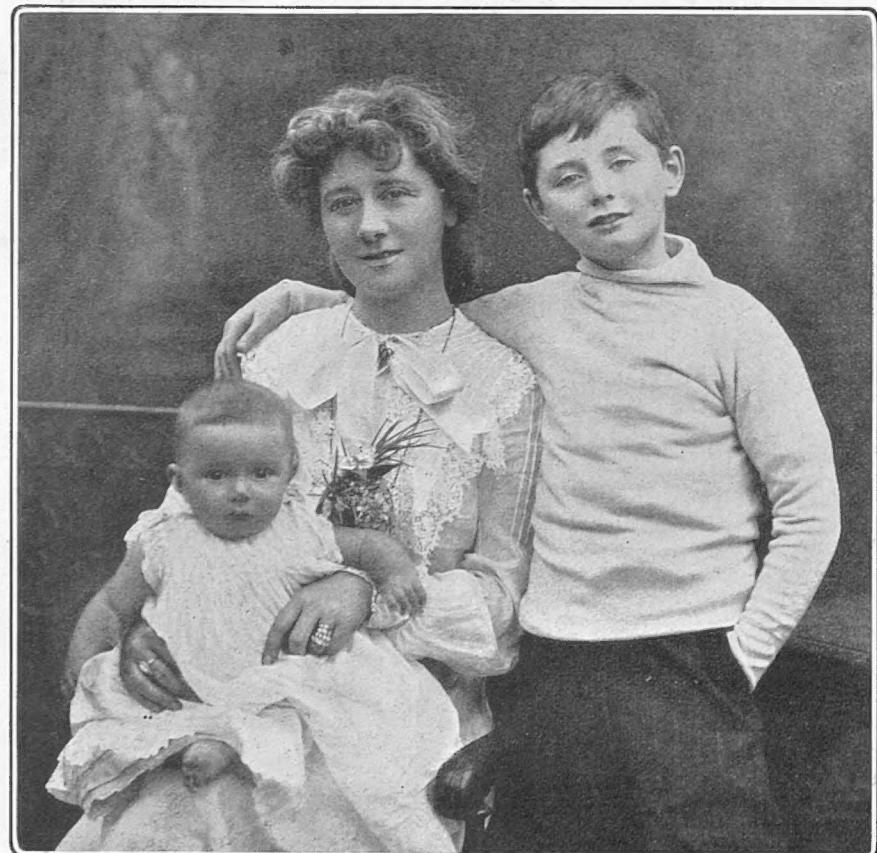
Lippe-Biesterfeld-Weissenfeld. This gentleman of the composite name is head of the second branch of the Lippe-Biesterfeld line, and argues that, if the claim of the Biesterfeld house is not upheld, he is the person to take up the disputed Regency, "inasmuch as his ancestors, both male and female, were *sans reproche*, both as regards nobility and conduct." This should draw another telegram from the Kaiser, whose own right to reign at all is questioned on the ground that he numbers a peasant-woman amongst his ancestors. Count George is a Captain *à la suite* of the Saxon Army, and, until last year, was head of the Prussian Administration at Sigmaringen.

A Premier and "No Tips."

Had it been started in his time, the "no-tip" restaurant would probably have found an ardent patron in Mr. Gladstone, who abhorred the gratuity as keenly as he loved the post-card. Lest other politicians, however, should seek to emulate his example by avoiding the time-honoured, if distasteful, custom as often as possible, it may be pointed out that the habit lost the pioneer of Home Rule at least one vote for his party. This was given by one of the waiters at a private hotel in which the Premier stayed a week-end at Brighton, who, to avenge the shilling by which he had been insulted, put his mark against the name of the Conservative candidate at a local election.

Lieutenant Bilse's Revelations.

Lieutenant Bilse's novel, "Aus Einer Kleinen Garnison," amateurish as it is, has yet produced something more than Dead-Sea fruit. Almost concurrent with the daring young soldier's imprisonment came the news that several of the officers figuring in the book had been cashiered or transferred, and now it is announced that "secret orders have been issued in accordance with which the garrisons in small towns will be changed every five years, in order to prevent intimacy between the garrison and the civilian population." However one may deprecate the tone of the story, the method adopted by Lieutenant Bilse to right wrong, this is well enough and, doubtless, satisfies the author's ambitions; but, surely, five years is still too long—much may happen in that time!



MRS. EDMUND MAURICE (MISS ANNIE HUGHES) AND HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

General Stoessel. Further light is thrown on the little-known personality of the gallant defender of Port Arthur, General Stoessel, in a letter from his only son, who is a Lieutenant in



A COMPLIMENT FROM THE FAR EAST: THE POSTER OF THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED PAPER OF CHINA.

the Russian Imperial Guard. The General's grandfather, it would appear, was a Swede, a General in his country's Army, who migrated to Russia in the reign of the Emperor Paul. One of his sons commanded a Russian regiment in the war of 1812; the other, Michel, also a soldier, was the father of the present General, who, by the way, is fifty-six, not sixty or sixty-six, as has been stated. General Stoessel, it is interesting to note, participated in the war which freed Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke.

The Order of Salomon.

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, who likes to be known by the high-sounding appellation of King of Kings, has founded an Order of Chivalry called the Order of Salomon—no doubt, in delicate allusion to the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. According to the statutes, the Grand Cordon, when it is suspended round the neck with a green ribbon, can only be worn by reigning Sovereigns. But the Grand Cordon without this ribbon may be worn by a simple official, and it has just been presented to M. Hugues le Roux by Menelik; but, as he is not allowed to wear the green ribbon, the recipient is rather puzzled what to do with his decoration.

1904 Champagne. The vintage in Champagne is now in full swing, and the harvest, which is very plentiful and of excellent quality, will rank 1904 among the most famous years—such as 1865, 1874, 1884, 1889, and 1893. It is said that the vineyards of Champagne cannot possibly produce all the sparkling wine which is sold under the name of champagne, but, as a matter of fact, the vineyards produce three times as much wine as is sold abroad. La Marne possesses thirty-six thousand acres of vineyards, which produce on an average three hundred thousand barrels of wine. There are two hundred and fifty bottles of wine in each barrel, or seventy-five millions altogether. The export trade in sparkling wine varies between twenty-three and twenty-five million bottles, according to the Government statistics, so that the production is three times greater than the demand. It is plain, then, that there need be no fear of a champagne famine even in an indifferent year.

The Great Napoleon's "Petit Chapeau." The old, old song that London knows no more—"Where did you get that hat?"—is being seriously chirped this week upon the Boulevards (writes our Paris Correspondent). The hat in question is Napoleon's "petit chapeau," which the painter Gérôme has bequeathed to the Institute, and it will be on view at the Château de Chantilly next season. The cult for everything Napoleonic here in France has received a fillip from the gift; but, on the other hand, the statement in Gérôme's will that the hat is the one worn by Napoleon at Waterloo has raised a storm in a tea-cup. For M. de Mercey, from whom the painter Gérôme got the "petit chapeau," and to whose ancestress Napoleon gave it at St. Helena, declares that Napoleon went through the fight at Quatre-Bras bare-headed, and that this three-cornered old piece of felt, with the bent pin which holds on a stained tricolour cockade, is a hat which he wore in exile and not at the battle. It doesn't really matter much, one would think, since it is proved that the hat really was Napoleon's; but the excitement has been great about it, and who knows whether a question will not be asked about it when the Chamber meets, although now that the *entente cordiale* is with us we shall hear less about "the gaoler Lowe," whom the French hate with bitter hatred, not so much because he was Napoleon's gaoler as because the only pronunciation which they can give his name is "Love"? This naturally annoys them.

The Blacksmith and the Marquis. The innocent question "What books, Madame, have you been reading?" drew down upon me a most interesting disquisition yesterday. My fair friend shrugged her pretty shoulders, and was very rude indeed to Balzac, Alexandre Dumas *père*, Xavier de Montépin, and other authors of renown and varying excellence. "Why should we read books when the happenings in France are of such feuilletonic interest?" she said. It is very true. Dumas created Monte Cristo, who did marvellous

things; but Monte Cristo had real millions. The Humbert family created millions out of nothing. Neither Gaboriau nor Montépin ever put upon paper a more extraordinary story than that of the blacksmith and the Marquis, in which, although there now seems not the slightest doubt that the whole thing was just a vulgar fraud, a blacksmith, a pseudo-priest, and a few shady lawyers extracted thousands of pounds from a number of intelligent men. In other words, the Casa-Riera

millions were an ingenious variation on the buried-treasure fraud idea, which is a recurring decimal in the Police Courts.

The doings of Fenimore Cooper's Apaches are mere nothings in comparison with those of Belleville and Montmartre. Between Rouen and Havre the treasure-waggon of a train has been held up in quite old-fashioned cowboy style, and in a few weeks Madame Goltié, a twentieth-century Brinvilliers, is to be tried for poisoning her grandmother, her husband, and her brother. If you want mystery, what would you have more strangely mysterious than the house in the Rue de Londres, juridically sealed, where masterpieces of the painter's art are rotting while the mistress of the house, a lady of large means, starves in a

garret because a nephew of hers, who lived with her, is accused of being an Anarchist and having stolen the treasures which the house contains? A novel might be written, called "The House in the Rue de Londres," which, talking of the ownerless masterpieces, should tell nothing but the truth.

The Spirit of Don Quixote.

Madame was right, and truth is every bit as strange as fiction. And, in support of this, Sardou, who is a firm believer in the spirit world, with all its mysteries of tapping, tells a good story. The medium was not over and above educated, and, after appeals to several "chevaliers sans peur ni reproche," was asked to put a wag directly in communication with Don Quixote. And Don Quixote answered, in the usual manner.



THE END OF THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON SQUABBLE: THE NEW CARNEGIE FREE LIBRARY NEAR SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE, ERECTED IN PLACE OF SOME MISERABLE LITTLE COTTAGES.

Photograph by Ball, Stratford-on-Avon.



HARRY TATE IN HIS NEW FISHING SKETCH AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Photograph by the Clarke and Hyde Press Agency.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HOPE that Sir James Crichton-Browne was suffering from dyspepsia or some kindred ailment that makes for melancholy when he made his presidential address to the Salt Schools at Shipley a few nights ago. If he was feeling quite at his best, and expressing the convictions that belong to his cheerful moods, we of these islands are in a very bad way. Sir James, who speaks with authority, declares that, while diseases that kill quickly are on the decrease, those of slow degeneration are mounting up. The stamina and fertility of the people are falling off. Sight and hearing tend to fail. Deformity and melancholia are greater than they were, and there is a growing demand for anodynes, alcohol, and drugs. In short, degeneration is broadcast, and the town is largely to blame for it. The only comfort to be obtained from the address comes with the thought that the ever-increasing value of city land, coupled with ever-increasing

facilities for reaching healthy suburbs, must bring about some change. Granting that Sir James is right, the change must come speedily.

The Man and the State. If we could apply to communities through the machinery of State the changes that the individual

arranges for himself, the great problem might be solved. The man who earns a decent living leaves town at the week-end and returns braced to breathe the mixture of evils that enjoys the courtesy title of London air. In its own interests, the State ought to collect the unfit and put them to useful labour in country districts at certain seasons of the year. They could not do much good work, but they might make some impression upon the ever-increasing area of uncultivated English land. Given fresh air and healthy exercise, there would be far less need for hospitals. It all sounds very far away now; but, after all, healthy men and women are the first asset of a State, and, if Sir James Crichton-Browne has not overstated his case, it is quite clear that the Government must take serious, energetic steps to combat physical degeneration before the twentieth century yields to its successor.

The Procrastinating Fleet. Like the poor, the Baltic Fleet is still with us, and the real official time for the real official

start is the Greek Kalends. In the meantime, and in order that Japan may be thoroughly cowed and that the might of Russia may be demonstrated, several Admirals are being subjected to daily interviews by their friends on the Press of St. Petersburg and Paris. Ikons are being handed round with amazing generosity, the Czar is making appropriate speeches, and the various serious defects that the ships develop day by day are receiving prompt repair. Short cruises in friendly waters are made to show the insolent foe that most ships of the Baltic Fleet are quite able to put to sea and to keep there so long as they are not interfered with and are kept well supplied with coal and stores. There is no doubt but these signal proofs of naval capacity must have a nerve-destroying effect upon all the "yellow dwarfs with brains of monkeys." So soon as an Admiral has been selected to take the Fleet to its destination, and a journey has been taken that carries the Fleet into Asiatic waters, and the absurdly overrated Japanese Fleet has been destroyed, Russia will resume command of Far Eastern Seas. The outlook for Japan is serious.

Made in N' York. I read that certain American inventions by which warships can coal at sea without reference to wind or weather have been tried and found wanting. Their failure is disappointing to the Russian Admiralty, but it is not altogether surprising to the unprejudiced British observer. From time to time America bursts upon the astonished world with some device absolutely new and guaranteed to stand all tests. The patentee is going to square the circle, arrange for perpetual motion, upset the laws of gravity, destroy British supremacy on the sea, force us to smoke his own brands of tobacco, or eat his own superfluous stores of corn, or import our steel from his works. There is a tremendous uproar, and worthy old gentlemen who have long been strangers to competition of any sort write to my morning paper to remind the editor that they have always said that the Empire was going to the dogs. In the meantime, our responsible merchants and authorities keep a stiff upper-lip and do their best, and on a sudden the threatening cloud rolls away, the latest device from the land of wooden nutmegs is seen to be commercially unsound, and our industrious cousins discard it without a blush and proceed to think out another. So far as the coaling that called this paragraph into being is concerned, while we have the coaling-stations—and a brief glance at a good map is very reassuring—our friends and well-wishers the world over are welcome to the very latest patent devices that are alleged to render coaling-stations unnecessary.



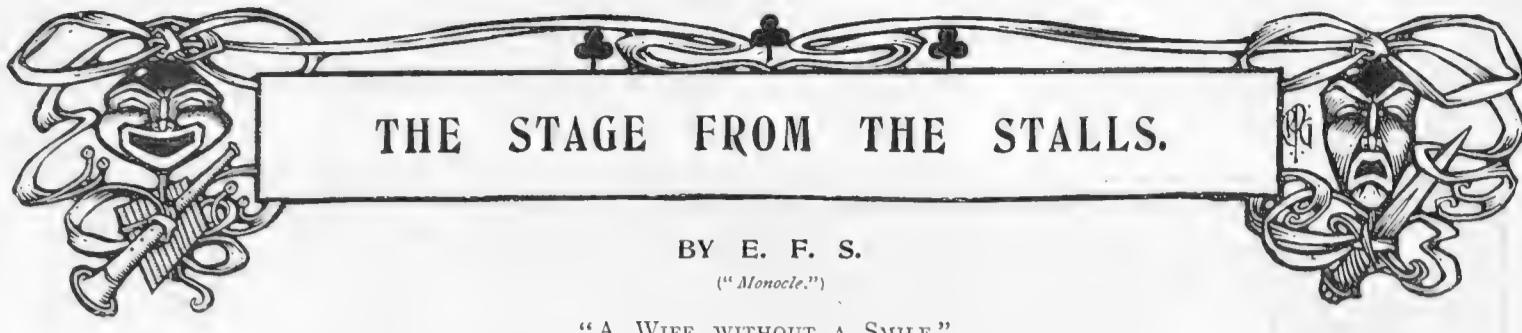
MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS SANTUZZA IN A DRAMATIC VERSION OF "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" AT THE SAVOY.

From a Sketch by Mortimer Menpes.

Artists' Sitters. By Dudley Hardy.



I.—“THE CLASSIC.”



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(“Monocle.”)

“A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE.”

IT rarely happens that opinions differ so much about a play as in the case of Mr. Pinero's new piece at Wyndham's Theatre.

Everyone admires, or pretends to admire, its cleverness, but some appear to consider that it was not very amusing. The reception was less favourable than that of many works not showing a tenth part of its comic invention and technical skill. It appears to me that the comparative coldness of the reception was chiefly due to a defect in the audience, not a few members of which, like Rippingill in the play, have a sense of fun but not a sense of humour, though, like him, they imagine that the former includes the latter. The heartiest laughter was caused by the physical facts of the piece, such as the exhibition of toys, the antics of the tell-tale doll, the comic dancing of the pompous journalist, the violence done to Rippingill's person by the contending ladies, the appearance of Mr. Kemble in grotesque motor-costume, and the shriek of Mrs. Lovette at the sight of him. Such matters would have amused Rippingill, because he could have grasped easily the whole of their obvious comicality.

On the other hand, much of the pure humour fell flat; some jokes were unnoticed, or understood but by so few in the house that their laughter was almost disconcerting. The finely drawn character of Webbmarsh, though excellently presented by Mr. C. M. Lowne, rarely seemed to take the audience. The strong sarcasm of his remarks concerning certain playwrights “who can hurl, as it were, chunks of raw, bleeding humanity upon the boards”; his phrases about the great play he was going to write, “I doubt if it should have an end, dearest. It should, as I conceive it, belong to that order of dramatic production which is all beginning—and middle. *But no end—no end,*” seemed only to entertain the few. His pedantic rebuke to Rippingill for confounding an aphorism and an apothegm; his final exit speeches, “Rippingill, throughout the many years we have known each other you have invariably, both in conversation and in composition, split your infinitives . . . a practice offensive to the cultured mind. I have stood the strain till now. Good-day,” obviously put a rather severe tax on the ordinary playgoer, who also may be pardoned for not immediately perceiving the point of this little bit of dialogue: Trood (an earnest young artist), “But I think that some of us are gradually drifting towards Realism.” Mrs. Lovette, “Ah, you are learning to draw a little, I suppose?”

Putting the matter plainly, the simpler comical elements were invariably successful in causing hearty laughter, whilst the more complex and subtle humours were appreciated in a fairly exact inverse ratio to their subtlety or complexity. Now, the admirable author has written a play rather high and dry. Certain passages of frank fun, which I have specified, almost appear to introduce a jarring tone into this harsh, farcical study of unlovable persons thrown into cruel dilemmas and painful situations, not so much through the interference of destiny as by reason of their own faults—venial faults that seem rather over-punished in some cases. Sympathy with practical jokers is, of course, impossible; they are persons without a sense of humour, creatures of a character absolutely antithetic to the idea involved in the word “gentleman”; but it is, perhaps, possible to punish them too severely, and, if so, Rippingill may complain of injustice in being forced to re-marry Avis Meiklejohn after discovering that she is a vulgar, mercenary bully. Throughout the play one notes the deliberate avoidance of the genial. We are taken into a kind of dissecting-room where middle-class persons of eminent respectability are subjected to the instruments of the consummately skilful surgeon for our almost shuddering amusement. Fancy coming to this after the kind of stuff lately launched upon us by the lady dramatists!

Nevertheless, it appears to me that the play is vastly amusing almost throughout. It may have dragged a little at times, for some

details are rather over-elaborated, and there is less of a crescendo than marks the greatest farces; but it is enormously clever, and, I think, exceedingly entertaining. It is rather difficult to say this after what I have written. I seem to assert that the play appeals only to the “superior person,” that it appeals to me, and, therefore, I am a “superior person.” However, the suggestion is at fault. I do not say that the play appeals only to “the superior person.” I admit that for appreciation of it a sense of fun alone is not sufficient—though there is enough obvious comic matter in it to satisfy even those who have not been blessed—or cursed—with a sense of humour. Most people have some sense of humour, and, if they will take the trouble to exercise it, will get abundant pleasure from the play. Our average playgoer refuses to contribute more than cash towards his or her own entertainment. If you wish to sit tranquilly at the theatre, calmly digesting, and mindful of the fact that if you think you divert from the digestive tract some of the blood of which probably it would have barely sufficient in any case, then “A Wife without a Smile” is not your play. Still, the indolent cannot expect to have all the plays written for them, and some, at least, might take the view that, if willing after dinner to bring all their wits to work on bridge, they might now and again bring them to the theatre and help Mr. Pinero; for without their aid he is as powerless towards them as a Paganini towards a deaf man.



MRS. KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON,
WHO HAS DRAMATISED HER NOVEL, “JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.,”
FOR MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

too well, for, of course, the practical joker, the man who professes to have an abnormal sense of humour and has little or none, is really a bore, and Mr. Boucicault gives so fine a picture of the bore that he tends to be boring: the difficulty is great, and can only be overcome by some increase of briskness in manner and speech. The study of character, both by author and actor, is brilliant; the particular man and also the effect upon him of a lengthy service in a Government office are shown with the utmost nicety: voice, manner, style, and appearance are all exact and truly comic owing to the note of farce deftly introduced.

Mr. Henry Kemble generally seems to me rather too fruity and “full-bodied” an actor in comic parts; but as Jack Pullinger, the tiresome “enquire within about everything” and make-a-note-of-it City man, he restrains himself and is remarkably funny. Some of the cleverest of the many witty or comic undetachable lines are allotted to him, and delivered admirably, without a trace of self-consciousness. Miss Lettice Fairfax had a brilliant moment when, as Avis, she first broke into laughter, and her air of boredom was excellently put on; but there did not seem quite enough of the dormant vixen about her, nor did her voice and manner exactly match the vulgarity of her words and conduct when aroused from gentility. Miss Marie Illington up to the last scene or two was entirely satisfactory as Mrs. Lovette, and her work showed humour without effort; yet there came passages that demanded an abandonment she did not show—the play when reaching its most farcical moment required broader comic treatment, and made one think of Mrs. John Wood and the way in which she would have handled it. Mr. Lowne, even if his humours did not carry very well, played the part of Haynes Webbmarsh with great skill; still, he too occasionally clung too much to the methods of comedy instead of farce. Miss Dorothy Grimston, in the character of Christabel, acted with a good deal of cleverness. I cannot conclude without expressing regret that the *lever de rideau* should be an undramatic, short entertainment, even by such a clever performer as Miss Fanny Wentworth; our young writers need all the opportunities that can be given to them of feeling their way with one-Act pieces.

LOVE ON THE STAGE: TWO PRETTY PICTURES.



MR. HENRY AINLEY (LANCELOT) AND MISS ELEANOR ROBSON (MARY ANN) IN "MERELY MARY ANN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S
Photograph by Burford.



MISS NORAH KERIN (MIRANDA) AND MR. BASIL GILL (FERDINAND) IN "THE TEMPEST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.
Photograph by the Gainsborough Studio.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT," AT THE IMPERIAL.



MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS GENERAL LAMBERT.



MR. H. V. ESMOND AS CHARLES II.



MR. A. E. GEORGE AS JOHN HOLDEN AND MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS LETTICE PIERREPOINT.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

TWO TYPICAL SCENES FROM "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT." AT THE IMPERIAL.

John Holden
(Mr. A. E. George).Charles II.
(Mr. H. V. Esmond).Damaris Holden
(Miss Darragh).Geoffrey Mohun
(Mr. Lewis Waller). Miss Lettice Pierrepont
(Miss Evelyn Millard).

ACT I.: THE ROYAL OAK IN BOSCOBEL WOOD.—MOHUN FALLS IN LOVE, AT FIRST SIGHT, WITH LETTICE PIERREPOINT. THE KING IS AMUSED. DAMARIS HOLDEN IS NOT.



Geoffrey Mohun. General Lambert.

ACT III., SCENE 2: THE GILT ROOM, HOLLAND HOUSE.—MOHUN IMPERSONATES THE KING IN ORDER TO SAVE HIM FROM GENERAL LAMBERT.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE SHEPHERD. By S. L. BENSUSAN.



"BEEEN away agen," said Father William, reproachfully, "an' me full o' things to tell ye. Sixty-five year I've been 'ere, an' never slept out o' me room, an' ye ain't 'ardly never in yourn. Do ye guess what's been caught, an' I'll tell ye th' truth."

"A stoat or a weasel?" I suggested.

"Bigger nor that," replied Father William.

"A fox?" I said.

"Bigger nor that," continued the veteran, his eyes flashing with excitement, and his hands shaking upon the staff that supported him. "Bigger nor that, but 'most as cunnin'."

"The shepherd?" I hazarded, and saw at once that I was right.

"That's 'im, th' fool!" chuckled the aged man. "Lor', th' pliceman caught 'e wunnerful smart like, an' very rightly too, f'r he's no more than a poachin' varmint, an' I've set me face agen 'im. Do ye come in, an' I'll tell ye about ut."

So saying, the doyen of Landshire shepherds led the way to his parlour and sat down by the fire, motioning me to take the vacant chair.

"Many's th' time I've give 'im good advice," began Father William, reflectively. "When 'e's come a-prayin' 'ere—an' 'e were always prayerful like—I've said to 'e, 'Shepherd, ye've got a wunnerful fine tongue, an' do ye use it aright.' But 'e were always obstinit an' 'ad a full mouth, an' come 'ere boastin' that 'e trimmed 'is sheepses better nor they were done afore, an' that 'e never didn't 'ave to cart 'urdles, or pitch 'em, or grind oil-cake neither."

"Don't ye be so 'mazin' proud," I sez to 'im one night, "for all ye know I've taught ye, 'cept it's poachin', an' I never could 'bide that, bein' right-for'ard." An' 'e didn't like me tellin' 'im that; but there, 'e can't deceive me. Nor can't you, nor nobody else."

"Lor'," he continued, reflectively, "I know what folks is like! There was some o' your fr'en's stayin' down 'ere jest lately when ye were away, an' they come an' see me an' gi'ed me summat. An' I told 'em ye were a gentleman, an' they were wunnerful glad o' that. But there, I've always been a good fr'en' to ye."

"Well, I were tellin' ye 'bout th' shepherd when ye interrupted me like," he went on, "an' do ye don't do ut agen, an' wait y'r turn f'r to speak. F'r th' shepherd didn't like me to tell 'im 'bout th' poachin', an' 'e didn't come nigh me no more."

He paused and stoked the fire. I could see by his hesitation that there was some slight hitch in the narrative, something he desired to pass over lightly.

"Chanced th' pliceman come along," he went on at last. "Ah, 'e's a nice man's th' pliceman, an' well I know ut, seein' as 'ow me son's a sergeant, an' they've giv' 'im a rumbreller an' a marble clock an' made 'im a speech, an' there's 'is picture above ye to show it's no

lie I'm tellin' ye. Well, th' pliceman come along chance times an' said, 'I don't see th' shepherd prayin' wi' ye, same as 'e used to.' An' arter that"—Father William stirred the fire uneasily—"I s'pose 'e 'specteth th' shepherd. An' th' wery next week, blamed if th' pliceman an' 'is mate fr' Meddybank didn't run on to 'e sudden like.

"I 'ave 'eard," continued Father William, rather mysteriously, "I 'ave 'eard say they divided themselves an' caught th' shepherd smudder'd in rabbits." The old man's excitement rose again; he felt he had weathered the difficult part of his narrative's passage and reached smooth water. He chuckled merrily.

"Th' fool," he went on, "th' gre't fool! Didn't pitch 'is 'urdles, nor cart 'em, nor grind 'is oil-cake, didn't 'e? Too clever, I doubt. But 'e 'ad to pay a suverin and ten shillin' costs. I've on'y 'eard tell 'bout they costs, but I 'ad th' suverin out o' th' pliceman's own mouth. Ere's a wunnerful thing, an' do ye mark ut, for many's th' time ye've

crossed me. Them what runs contrary wi' me comes to grief. All on 'em. Them what's dead ha' done ut, an' them what's livin' will do ut. Sure as 'arvestin'. Shepherd were wunnerful proud, 'tain't long since, an' now 'e's very shrunk. Do ye see 'im, an' mebbe 'e'll be a lesson to ye, too."

"Did you carry a gun when you were a shepherd, Father William?" I asked.

"Course I did," replied the right-forward man, "but that were to keep down me vermin. An' if I shot anything else, I sent ut to th' 'all, an' so th' Squire'll tell ye. I shot stoats an' magpies an' chance time a poacher cat, an' them what come down to shoot'd throw me a two shillin', mebbe, an' say, 'That's f'r keeping y'r vermin down, Father William,' an' I'd say, 'I'm worry 'bliged to ye.' Lor, I could kill any amount o' they, seein' as I allers 'eld th' spout right. An' in my days th' shepherds weren't thought much on, an' I never got nothin' extra save for me vermin, or chance times when I were a-shearin' me old sheepses. I didn't 'ave no time to trim they, like what 'e does. An' I used to cart me 'urdles an' pitch 'em, an' cut me cake, an' 'ad one pore ole 'orse to 'elp me which were 'alf tore out. But, Lor' love ye, I never 'plained; I did me dooty same as I've allers done it to ye, an' many's th' farmer what's seed me sheep what I've tended, an' me vermin what I've trapped or shot, an' as said to me, 'Father William,' they've said, 'do ye come to we if so be as ever ye leave 'e.' But I never."

"And is the shepherd ashamed of himself?" I inquired.

"Deed 'e is," replied the oldest inhabitant. "When he come fr' Market Waldron, 'avin' pide a suverin an' ten shillin' costs—thirty shillin' in all, so I'm told—I stopped 'im i' th' road, an' 'e were lookin' wunnerful sick like. 'Th' Loord's found ye out, James,' I said to 'im, 'an' as commanded th' pliceman to stop y'r poachin'. An' it's 'urt y'r pride an' y'r pocket, James,' I said to 'e, 'an' serve ye well right. An' do ye stop now, 'fore worse things comes to ye.' An' 'e never didn't say nothin'."

"That's most a fortnight ago," continued Father William, "an' last Sunday 'e come up i' th' afternoon an' ast if 'e might offer a prayer. An' I said to 'im, 'If so be it's f'r y'rself, James, ye may, an' much good may it do ye; but, f'r me, I'm a right-for'ard man, an' don't want none o' y'r prayers, an' no mistake. Th' Loord's my shepherd an' I'm 'is, an' I'm in me ninety, an' it's on'y right-for'ard folk what lives long as what I've done."

"An' then," the veteran went on, "'e up an' asts me pardon if 'e's fended me, an' sez 'e knows 'e's bin a fool an' 'oped I'd forgive 'im, which I did, bein' kind like. An' then 'e prayed, an' 'e told me 'e counts young Driver, wot used to wark on th' farm, spoke to th' pliceman 'bout 'e, an' if 'e found out 'e'd wring 'is neck an' no mistake. An' then I give 'im good advice. 'Don't ye goo wringin' boy Driver's neck,' I said to 'im, 'or ye'll be worse off stil,' I said to 'im, 'an' ye're brought very low already. But do ye give up y'r nasty poachin' ways, an' speakin' wi' a mouth o' pride 'bout y'r sheepses, an' do ye don't seek to find out what's been 'id from ye.' An' so I brought 'im into a better frame o' mind. An' now do ye put a little more coal on f'r an ole man what's in 'is ninety."

I did as I was ordered, and the veteran prepared to rest, but opened his eyes as I moved towards the door.

"I thought I'd tell ye 'bout ut," he went on, sleepily, "seein' ye can't 'bide th' shepherd. An' 'e can't 'bide ye," he concluded, quite forgetful that I was still within hearing. "Says ye're a nasty gre't ole stuck-up beast what didn't never ought to ha' been let out o' Lunnon. An' there's times when I 'grees with 'im."

THE 'BUS DRIVER

BY P.V. BRADSHAW.

AN ILLUSTRATED
INTERVIEW.

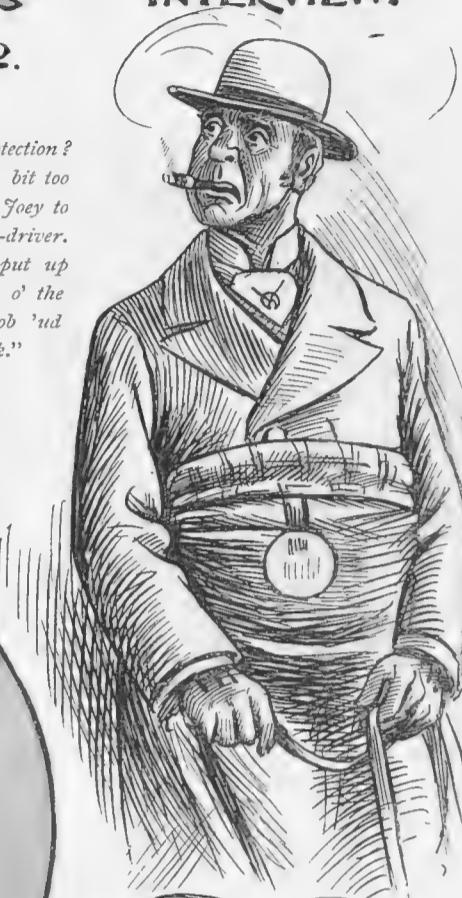
"Yuss, we get's a bit o' wet nah and ven, Sir, but, Lor' bless yer, we don't grumble at that. It's the Toob and the motors as is ruinin' this business!"

1.

2.



"Protection? It's a bit too late for Joey to 'elp the 'bus-driver. People as 'll put up with the ozone o' the Tuppenny Toob 'ud stand hanyfink."



4.

"An' twig the toff in the Guy Fawkes fice and ve 'earth-rug! Never used to be such fun when I was a lad!"



3.

"As fer motors, jest cast yer eye over that blinkin' arrangement! Cross between a perambulator and a steam-roller: that's wot I call it!"



5.

"Give me a 'orse any day o' the week. This off-side un's a bit of a jibber, but when he stops unexpected 'e don't need a injun-driver to start 'im again."



6.

"Ah, well, Sir, the business 'll last out my time, and then I'll make room for the lady 'bus-drivers, an' air-ships, and wot not. The papers 'll make good reading them days. 'Morning."



THE SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN.

MUSICAL Italy has once more placed England in her debt. The opera season that opened on Monday night is due directly to the generosity of certain wealthy Neapolitans, who put down a large sum of money—twenty thousand pounds is the sum stated—to give Londoners a six weeks' experience of the resources of the famous San Carlo Opera House in Naples. Covent Garden has been let to the Italian Syndicate by Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth, and the vast resources of the Grand Opera Syndicate have been placed at the disposal of the visitors, so that the performances may be worthy of Covent Garden and San Carlo alike. Mr. Henry Russell, who has been in charge of the negotiations between Naples and London, is managing the autumn season. The performances will be suspended only on the nights when Fancy-dress Balls are given.

Though prices have been reduced to an extent that goes far to secure the art-loving

Syndicate against the possibilities of profiting financially by the undertaking, the Company engaged is of more than the strength generally associated with autumn seasons. Signor Caruso has yielded to the persuasions of his friend, Mr. Russell, and will be the bright particular "star" of the operatic firmament, just as he was in the grand season. Signor Vignas is an old favourite; he came over with Signor Lago some years ago, and made a successful début in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Signor Anselmi brings an established reputation with him, Signor Dani was with us in the spring, and Signor Paroli has achieved notable success in his own country.

The list of sopranis includes Signora Giachetti, an artist of the first rank, whose performance in "La Tosca" with Caruso should be one of the special features of the season. Signora Buoninsegna's beautiful voice is well known to the patrons of the San Carlo, the Scala, and the Costanzi. Miss Alice Nielsen has been heard already at Covent Garden, while Mesdames Margot Kaffal, Aline May, and Wayda, though new to London, bring excellent credentials with them.

Foremost among the mezzo-sopranis is Signora Eleonora de Cisneros, whose reputation precedes her. Among the baritones, Signor Sammarco is, of course, in the first place. His position in Italy is second to none. Signor Amati is another distinguished baritone, and the basso, Signor Arimondi, has, I believe, been heard in London already.

We are to hear three operas that may fairly be regarded as novelties. Signor Cilea's "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is quite new to London; it was produced for the first time at La Scala last year. Puccini's

"Manon Lescaut" was heard about eleven years ago at Covent Garden, when Sir Augustus Harris was Consul; it must not be confused with Massenet's equally delightful opera, "Manon," which is founded upon the same story, but has not enjoyed in England the success it has always commanded throughout the Continent. Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" has been given in England, but, as it was presented in English by the Carl Rosa Company, it may still claim a place among the novelties.

We are to hear "Orfeo" again, and find whether it is possible to forget the sisters Ravagli, who are so intimately associated in our memory with Gluck's exquisite work. Wagner will be represented by "Lohengrin," only, probably because Southern Italy has never surrendered to the charm of German music. "Faust" is on the list, of course; so are "The Barber of Seville" and "Carmen." For the rest, Verdi will be represented by "Aida," "Ballo in Maschera," "Rigoletto," and "Traviata"; Giacomo Puccini by "La Bohème," as well as "La Tosca" and "Manon Lescaut"; Pietro Mascagni by "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz." All operas will be given in Italian, the orchestra and chorus are from the San Carlo Theatre, and the chief musical director is Signor Campanini of La Scala, brother of the famous tenor If this experiment meets with sufficient measure of public support, opera is likely to become a permanent feature of the autumn season in London. There is no reason to doubt that the visitors will have a generous hearing, and that everybody will be pleased to learn that the undertaking has satisfied the modest requirements of the responsible parties. The area of interest in music widens year by year in town, but there are many lovers of opera to whom the prices that rule in the Season offer an impassable barrier. To these the present undertaking carries a very special appeal. Even Naples, which has no claim to be considered a wealthy city, pays more to hear its favourites at the San Carlo than we must pay to hear them in London.

It will be interesting to note the attitude of the public towards the music that was for some time supplanted by the all-powerful Wagner. Verdi is quite out of date we were assured only a year or two ago, and yet in the past season the performances of "Traviata" and the "Ballo in Maschera" drew crowded houses and won complete approval, while "Rigoletto" was a certain attraction. Wagner disappeared from the programme with the end of May, after being interpreted to perfection by Dr. Richter and singers like Ternina, Destinn, and Kirkby Lunn. Now, in welcoming the Neapolitan Company, we shall listen to a programme of music that was supposed by advanced enthusiasts to be quite under a cloud. The dead Verdi has four operas; the living Puccini and Mascagni, who are to a limited extent his descendants, have five between them. Perhaps the period of strenuousness is passing and we are harking back to the mood of our fathers, who were frankly mistrustful of all but Italian music, though they admitted Gounod within the pale of their approval.

On the other hand, there are many good judges who attribute the renewed interest in Verdi and the Italian Masters to the extraordinary gifts of Caruso, whose voice seems to have been created to interpret their music. For him the "Ballo in Maschera" was revived in the spring, and Verdi's work owes a great deal to his singing. Musicians must depend to no small extent upon their interpreters, and it is long since a singer like Caruso appeared to give life to operas that, considered apart from their music, were dead. The thin story, the pompous dramatic action, the absurd stage-devices cease to matter; stagecraft is regarded as a thing that does not exist: the singing atones for all that is lacking.



SIGNOR RODOLFO ANGELINI-FORNARI
(BARITONE).

Photograph by Bertieri, Turin



MISS ALINE MAY (SOPRANO).

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



SIGNORINA MARGOT KAFTAL (SOPRANO).

THE SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN:
SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.



SIGNORA CELESTINA BUONINSEGNA (SOPRANO).

Photograph by Rossi, Genoa.

SIGNORA ELEONORA DE CISNEROS (MEZZO-SOPRANO).

Photograph by Bobone, Lisbon.

SIGNOR VITTORIO ARIMONDI (BASSO).

Photograph by Massak.

SIGNOR PASQUALE AMATI (BARITONE).

Photograph by Ganzini, Milan.

SIGNOR FRANCISCO VIGNAS (TENOR).

Photograph by Pesce, Naples.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE ANSEI.MI (TENOR).

Photograph by Rembrandt, Warsaw.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THAT irascible and difficult philosopher, Herbert Spencer, once, at least, acknowledged himself beaten in controversy. Writing in the *Athenaeum*, Mr. Watts-Dunton affirmed that Herbert Spencer had compared a metaphor of Alexander Smith's with the metaphors of Shakspere. Immediately the editor got a curt note from Spencer in which he asked to be informed when and where he had compared a metaphor of Alexander Smith's with the metaphors of Shakspere. The editor took it for granted that Mr. Watts-Dunton had for once made a mistake, and sent a proof of the letter, intimating that it had better be printed without any editorial comment at all. Mr. Watts-Dunton, however, returned the proof with a foot-note pointing out that many years before, in a magazine article upon Poetical Style, Spencer had said that Smith's metaphor, "I speared him with a jest," had the true Shakspelian ring in it. Spencer confessed that he had forgotten entirely what he said.

Notwithstanding the thoroughness with which the Brontë ground has been explored, new facts are always turning up. In an article published in the October *Bookman* the Rev. Angus Mackay shows in a very striking way the amazing accuracy of Charlotte Brontë's account of the Cowan Bridge School and Carus Wilson in "Jane Eyre." Charlotte was but eight years old when she attended the school, and it was more than twenty years after that her book was written. But the habit of observation had set in so strongly and her memory retained so firmly all that she saw that she was able to give an exact picture of Wilson's character and recall the very phrases he was accustomed to use. Mr. Mackay bases his argument on an unpublished paper recently shown him, "Thoughts Suggested to the Superintendent and Ladies of the Clergy Daughters' School," and also upon certain published writings of Mr. Wilson which could not have fallen into Charlotte's hands. Among the documents intended for little pupils is "First Tales," being stories in words of one syllable for infants. Its suitability for little ones may be judged from the fact that in the very first page is a picture of a man being hanged, and the book opens: "Look there!

Do you see a man hung by the neck?" Mr. Brocklehurst says to Jane Eyre: "Children younger than you die daily. I buried a little child five years old only a day or two since—a good little child, whose soul is now in Heaven."

"*Youthful Memoirs*" is full of the death-beds of these good little children. He says to Jane: "You have a wicked heart, and you must pray God to change it; to give you a new and clean one; to take away your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh." Almost the exact words occur in three of the stories; for example, Sarah Bickers says to a naughty companion that she must "humble her pride and pray to God, and He will be sure to take away her heart of stone and give her a heart of flesh." Mr. Brocklehurst says: "I have a little boy younger than you who knows six Psalms by heart." There are a number

of these little boys in "*Youthful Memoirs*"; one of them, aged eight, "knew many of the most important parts of God's Word, and got by heart many portions of it, which he often repeated in the night when lying awake." Charlotte Brontë refers to a tract: "An account of the awfully sudden death of Martha G., a naughty child addicted to falsehood." In one of Carus Wilson's stories he relates how a child three years of age had its naughty will crossed by its mother and flew into a violent passion. "She screamed and cried and stamped, and, dreadful to relate, it pleased God to strike her dead. How awful her state!" He even repeats this story with amplifications in his Tales of one syllable for infants:

"All at once God struck her dead; no time to pray, no time to call on God to save her soul. . . . Where is she now? We know that bad girls go to hell. She is in a rage with herself now." Charlotte Brontë's marvellous insight into character and her extraordinary memory for words and incidents when she was a little girl of eight are now, at last, triumphantly vindicated in what has been hitherto one of the most controverted sections of her work.

Mr. Mackay deals briefly but sufficiently, and, I think, accurately, with the episode of Charlotte Brontë in Brussels. His words may be quoted, but they cannot be improved on. "Without any evil intention on M. Héger's part, and through no fault of her own, she found herself caught in the toils of a tyrannous affection from which she escaped with difficulty, lacerated and quivering. The episode left her as it found her, innocent and unstained; but, while it added deeper notes to the gamut of her art, it undoubtedly also intensified for some years the sadness of her life."

In a recent conversation, Mr. Justin McCarthy describes William Allingham the poet as "One of the sweetest, mildest men I have ever met; you could not even imagine him raising his voice." This was not quite the character which was generally given to William Allingham. Certainly he was very far from sweet or mild in some of his criticisms. It may now be taken as an established fact that he was the assailant of Alexander Smith's reputation in the *Athenaeum*.

It was he who urged against Smith the charge of plagiarism. This is a charge which the public readily takes up, and it damaged for the time Alexander Smith's reputation, although no fair-minded critic ever considered it fair or cogent. William Allingham was for some time editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, succeeding Froude in that capacity. He was not very successful, and, among other achievements, he contrived to lose an article by "A. K. H. B."—a sin which was never forgiven him.

I observe with pleasure that Messrs. Duckworth are to reprint that beautiful, remarkable, and neglected book, "*The Purple Land*," by W. H. Hudson. They are also to give us new editions of two books by Richard Jefferies, "*Bevis, the Story of a Boy*," and "*Amaryllis at the Fair*." Mr. E. V. Lucas will write an introduction to "*Bevis*."—o. o.



OVERHEARD AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

GIBSON GIRL: *Say, I suppose you know that our corsets cost fifty dollars a pair?*
GIBSON MAN: *What a waist!*

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"BEATRICE OF VENICE."
By MAX PEMBERTON.
(Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

Mr. Max Pemberton's legion of admirers will find nothing amiss either in the manner or the material of his latest novel. It is precisely what he has taught them to expect of him in certain moods—good, healthy, full-blooded Dumas-ism, love-making and the clash of steel, intrigue and espionage, and a happy ending. Its exact value from the historical point of view, the place of Beatrice, Marquise de St. Remy, Gaston, Comte de Joyeuse, Villetard, and Lorenzo of Brescia in the eternal romance of the world, it is unnecessary to discuss; suffice it that the novel is historical without being hysterical—a rare virtue in these days of the apotheosis of the blatant and the florid. "Fate understands her business, my dear Balland, when she will condescend to do it," says one of the characters. Mr. Pemberton is on familiar terms with Fate: all that she can compass is at his command, and he does not hesitate to use his advantage. For this the reader must be thankful, since it means the provision of a host of stirring incidents and cunning twists and turns that are of much value. A power behind the throne, in the person of the young and beautiful Marquise; a gallant hero in the Comte de Joyeuse, sent to the City of Waters as Buonaparte's representative; the intriguer Villetard, and the arch-intriguer Napoleon; Venice in the days of her decadence; Verona in the day of her shame; assassinations by night; braves who will cut any man's throat for a ducat; fights in the streets, on the canals and on the sea, in the Casa degli Spiriti and in the Bernese Palace—with such the author is concerned. To reveal the intricacies of his plot would be but to lessen the surprises destined for his readers.

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH." Wrought with an intensity which never flags from the first page to the last, the

new novel by Mr. Robert Hichens, to which he has given the title of "The Garden of Allah," will not only find a multitude of readers ready and waiting for it, but is certain also to make for its author many new friends. If there be a writer in Europe with whom Mr. Hichens has affinity, we should be inclined to pay that compliment to D'Annunzio. But in looking at the book before us, nothing is further from our thoughts than to imply the detraction of contrast or comparison. "Domini's face at all times," we read of the heroine, "suggested strength." The same thing may be said of Mr. Hichens. His style has virility, force, beauty, and a brilliant directness. Long prepared though we may have been, by familiarity with his previous books, for a penetration into the hidden recesses of the human heart uncommon amongst modern writers, the present admirable novel goes far beyond anything Mr. Hichens has hitherto attempted: for while the sensuousness, the mystery, the magic associated with his gospel of sense and sound are all here, there is a broader as well as a higher comprehension of men and women as they are, still more as they may be, which will lift this book to a very high place. The "garden" of Allah is the desert. Is it a garden or a wilderness? The hiding-place of murderers or the abode of peace? He who asks the question supplies an answer, and the scheme which has been so wonderfully elaborated around the attractive personalities of Domini Enfilden and Boris her lover is very fertile of surprises: which being so, we are not of a mind to give the plan away. There is a real revelation in the book. The remarkable studies of Eastern life and manners which it contains, contrasted with the not less inspiriting *apologia* for other forms of worship, thought, and faith by which human destinies are shaped in spite of passion, lend great attraction to a novel worthy of being called by that distinctive name on account of an originality refreshing in itself, and still rich in promise for the future.

"EMMANUEL BURDEN."
By HILAIRE BELLOC.
(Methuen. 6s.)

The average stupid man ought certainly to be constrained by a paternal Government to read Mr. Burden's biography, and there can be no harm in the clever man's undergoing the same gentle coercion; for the one will learn with healthy surprise that nearly everything he holds dear is contemptible, while the other will discover that life presents a thousand opportunities for satire where he had before suspected only one. "A skit in every line" might very well be chosen as the advertiser's catchword for this remarkable

history or memoir: it is hardly a novel. But for a too cavalier neglect of St. Paul's admonition to shun genealogies, this great commercial tragedy hardly flags in interest until excellent Mr. Burden, whom to know is to love, has breathed his last in the banal atmosphere of Upper Norwood. Mr. Burden was an upright dealer in hardware, who allowed himself to be beguiled by cunning financiers into the hideous meshes of the M'Korio Delta Development Company, or swindle, write it as you will. Being an honest man, he died of the enterprise. Mr. Belloc has written the story of Mr. Burden's career with exquisite fidelity. So much brilliancy in so little space is as rare as it is blinding. The book is fairly incandescent. The pictures proceed from the pencil of Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

"IN DEWISLAND."
By S. BARING-GOULD.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Baring-Gould's new novel has sense and is not wanting in sensibility. The

scene of the story is that portion of South Wales which still stands out historically as the heritage of those who battle for a lost cause. At St. Davids, as the author himself points out with candour, "the Church cowers before the bluster of a dominant Calvinism." Here is the shadow of bitterness, perhaps, but no religious partisanship is suffered to interfere with the course of a very human and moving story. Throughout the episodes which constitute it, "In Dewisland" may with truth be called an example of honest workmanship. A good many people, warned by the announcement that the story deals with the Rebecca riots, will wonder what these disturbances were and who caused them, and will possibly be ashamed to own that they have never heard of them. Such qualms are needless. These riots were local and trivial, but serious enough to those who were affected by an oppressive turnpike-tax. Here they are worked into a warm and glowing series of events, in which real people seem to play their part. Two characters, John Evans and Dinah Sheena Lewis, pass through a very sea of trouble before misfortune bow down to the miracle-working power of love. The whole book has colour and atmosphere, and is written with the ease and vivacity of a man whom long practice has made deft in the manipulation of literary materials. Here and there are pregnant passages of description, lucid flashes of historical comment, and, finally, a business-like climax leaves the reader with the impression that, while his sense of pleasure has been gratified, his intellectual part has been neither overtaxed nor insulted.

"SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN."
By B. W. FINDON.
(Nisbet. 3s. 6d.)

This little book on the greatest and most popular English composer of his generation cannot fail to interest all music-lovers, and especially those of us who in years gone by spent many delightful evenings at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. Findon, as a relative and lifelong friend of Sir Arthur, is able to throw some light on various episodes in his kinsman's career which would otherwise have been lacking, and, while it is plain that he feels even more keenly than did Sir Arthur himself any injury, intentional or unintentional, which the composer suffered, his book throughout is written with a fairness of judgment that is more than commendable. Sullivan's output of music was astonishing when one considers that for thirty of the fifty-eight years of his life he was a martyr to a painful malady, and also that the success of his light operas was such that he drew a magnificent income from the performance of these alone. What he might have achieved but for these circumstances it is vain to conjecture. Enough to say that, withal, the list of his compositions published as an appendix to Mr. Findon's book will surprise those not intimately acquainted with them. Even Mr. Findon regrets that from 1886 onward Sir Arthur made no important contribution to the more serious side of his art, and yet "The Golden Legend," "The Martyr of Antioch," and "The Light of the World," all written before that date, would have been quite sufficient to perpetuate the composer's fame. Perhaps it is not altogether a matter for regret that "it became Arthur Sullivan's mission to minister to the happiness of the greatest number, and to give distinction to a light form of art instead of gratifying the desires of the comparative few." In any case, Mr. Findon's little book should be read by all who wish to form a just estimate not only of Sir Arthur's musical genius, but also of his strength of character and lovable personality.



MR. EGERTON CASTLE, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")
Photograph by H. McCaul and E. Dickson.

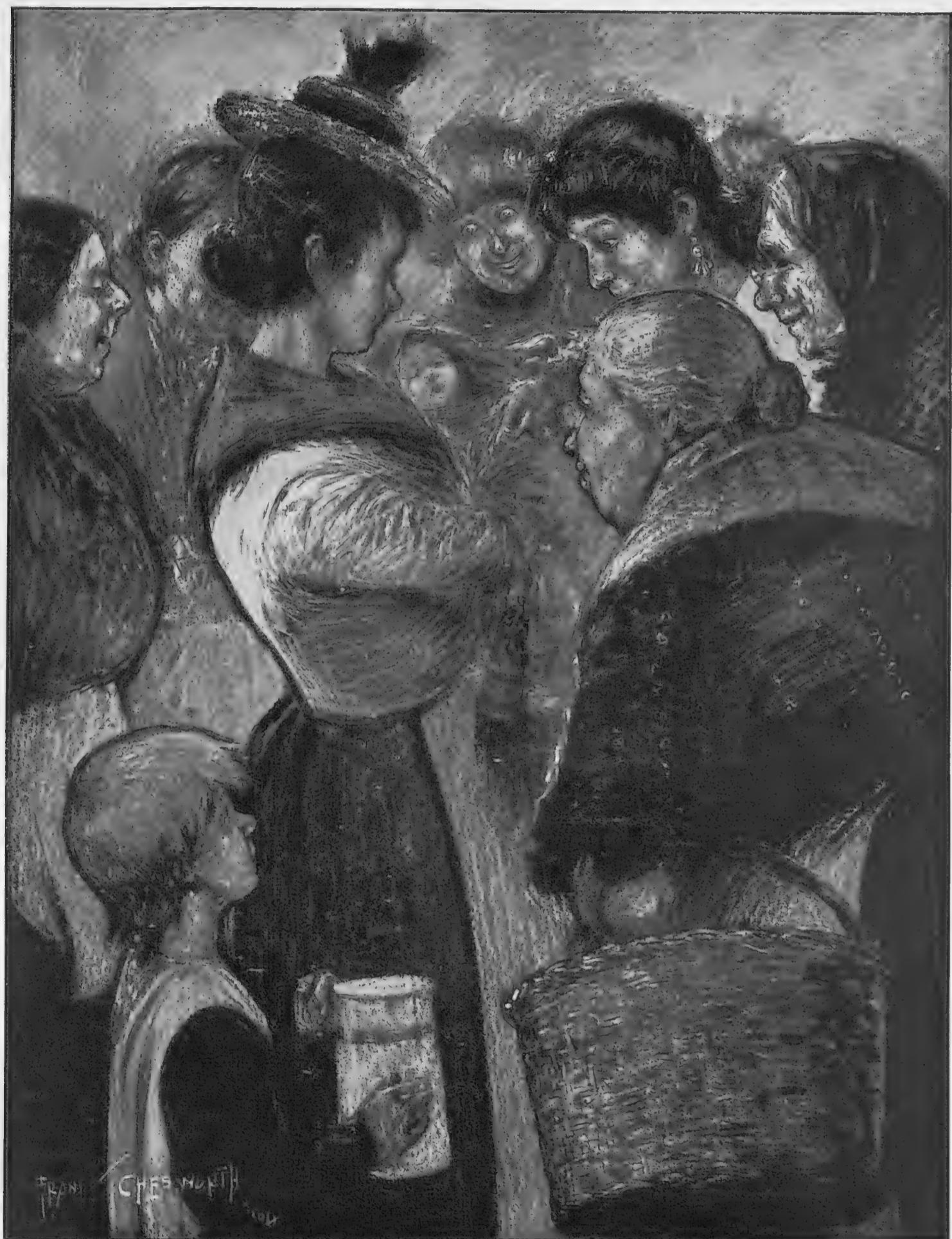
The Humourist in the Streets of London.



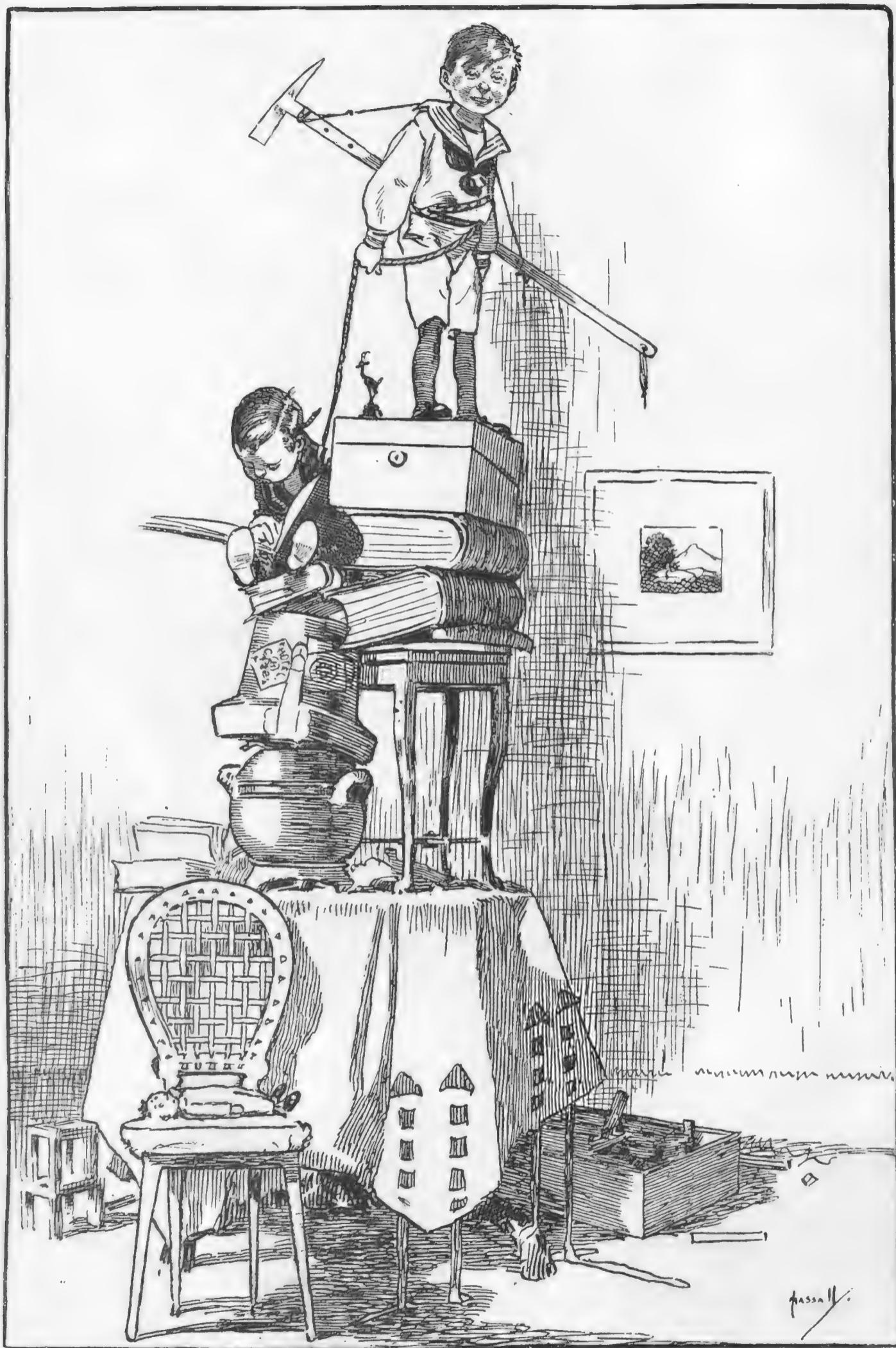
HERO-WORSHIP.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

Dahn our Alley. Drawn by Frank Chesworth.



III.—“A NOO BIBY.”

Studies of Children. By John Hassall.

IV.—THE ALPINE-CLIMBER'S SON.

TOMMY (*on top*): He's all right! He can't fall! We're roped together!



A MOST SUCCESSFUL JOKE.

By E. R. PUNSHON.

In the course of his picturesque, variegated, and extremely unlawful career, Mr. Alfred Potter had experienced many shocks and many surprises, but never had he been so thoroughly taken aback as now. For, carefully closing the window by which he had entered, he drew aside the curtains, and, stepping into what he had expected to be the empty room of an unoccupied house, found himself instead in the presence of four young ladies and an elderly matron, all in evening-dress and all beaming upon him with admiring welcome.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said the elderly matron, putting up her lorgnette to examine him more closely. "Perfect, I call it."

"Just the thing; charming, exquisite!" chorused the four girls together, exchanging nods and smiles with each other and indulging in little peals of excited, silvery laughter.

"There's some mistake, ain't there?" gasped Mr. Potter, wildly hoping that before they could summon assistance he might, perhaps, persuade them he had mistaken this house for his own.

"And he has the very accent!" said the elderly lady, beaming on him. "Really, it is inimitable. I am sure Mr. de Vere ought to go on the stage. Dorothy, my dear, as you are the only one who has met Mr. de Vere, will you not introduce us all and explain why his sister is not here?"

Thus summoned, one of the girls stepped forward, rather shyly.

"I am afraid," she said, "Mr. de Vere does not remember me. I took Betsy in Mrs. Sandys's theatricals, where you were the burglar, Mr. de Vere, you know. But, really, your 'make-up' was so different I should hardly have known you either."

"I remember," said Mr. Potter, "puffeckly," and he faintly hoped that, if this were a dream, it would not change into the nightmare of penal servitude.

"Then permit me," Dorothy continued, and Mr. Potter ducked his head dazedly as he found himself being placed on terms of friendship with these surprising people, of whose sanity he was rapidly beginning to have serious doubts.

"Your sister, Mr. de Vere," Miss Dorothy went on, when the ceremony of introduction was complete, "unluckily hurt her ankle this afternoon and could not come. Poor Lucy was dreadfully disappointed, for, of course, she has planned and arranged everything."

"She allers was an interfering cat," said Mr. Potter, hotly, "and I'll fair bash her for it. Though 'ow you comes to know 'er, Miss—"

"Doesn't he speak naturally?" said one of the girls, and there was a little hum of assent and admiration from the others.

"But why, Mr. de Vere," asked the elderly lady, whose name, he had heard, was Mrs. Leyland, "did you climb in at the window? We were listening for your knock when we heard the window open."

"I suppose, Mum," said Mr. Potter, slowly backing towards it in the hope that he might be able to escape by a sudden dash, "the window allers strikes me as more natural like, some'ow."

"Ah, a disciple of Zola," said Mrs. Leyland. "You believe in Realism, then?"

"Well, Mum," answered Mr. Potter, cautiously, "when I 'as to say, I generally ses put me down a Catholick. They 'as more services, and in quod anything's a change."

The four girls laughed a little, as though dimly suspecting a joke which they could not quite understand, and for the same reason Mrs. Leyland went very red and looked extremely indignant.

"John and Elizabeth will be here soon," interposed Dorothy, with some haste. "What do you think we had better do, Mr. de Vere?"

On the whole, Mr. Potter thought that the best thing he could do was to depart as speedily as possible and leave this bevy of fair lunatics to themselves before they grew violent. He was just about to make a sudden dash for it, when one of the girls remarked enthusiastically—

"It's wonderful—manners, actions, get-up, accent, everything is just perfect. I am sure anyone would take Mr. de Vere for a real burglar."

"Me real?" said Mr. Potter, somewhat indignantly, for, though naturally of a philosophical disposition, he was not yet sufficiently instructed in metaphysics to doubt his own existence.

"He is simply wonderful," chorused the other three girls together, with equal enthusiasm. "I call it genius," said one; and another added, "John and Elizabeth will get just a lovely fright and never dare venture to laugh at us again."

"Ho!" said Mr. Potter, a sudden light flashing in upon him. "Beggin' your pardon, ladies, is there anyone else in the 'ouse along of you?"

"Why, no!" they all cried together. "That would spoil the joke."

"Ho!" said Mr. Potter again. "So it's a joke, eh?"

"On the whole," said Mrs. Leyland, who still wore a rather vexed expression, "I think, perhaps, we had better give it up, after all. Of course, Mr. de Vere has been extremely obliging to dress up like this and come here, and John and Elizabeth certainly deserve a good fright after the way they laughed at us; but—"

"I'm beginning to twig," interrupted Mr. Potter. "I'm this 'ere bloomin' Mr. de Vere, and I'm togged up as a screwman to frighten them there John and Elizabeth what 'as been laughing at you over some fright you've been and 'ad. Ain't that the blessed game you've on, so 'elp me, Moses?"

Mr. Potter looked round as he completed his somewhat excited speech, to find the four young ladies gazing at him from four pairs of very large and very bright eyes, while Mrs. Leyland rose from her seat and said, with much dignity—

"Mr. de Vere, may I venture to suggest that, no matter what your artistic desire for realism may be, the language you employ—"

"Now you clap a stopper on that gab of yours, old girl," interrupted Mr. Potter; and, as the outraged lady stared at him in a state of petrified amazement, he continued, "I'll trouble you for them there sparklers, Mum," and his gesture towards the jewels she wore was extremely significant. "'And 'em over, if you please," he said, "and look sharp."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Leyland. "I consider this goes far beyond a joke."

"It's the best joke as I was ever in," said Mr. Potter, with great appreciation. "You, too, young ladies, if you please."

"But," began Dorothy, in a very quavering tone, "I—"

"Do you want me to 'elp you?" demanded Mr. Potter, producing an unloaded but dangerous-looking revolver, which he began to flourish about; and then, seeing the trembling girl beginning hastily to unclasp her necklace, he turned again to Mrs. Leyland. "Now do look sharp," he said.

"Sir," said Mrs. Leyland, "you must be mad! You are surely aware—?"

"As I want them jewels," interposed Mr. Potter. "But, there," he added, complainingly, "it's allers the old and ugly ones as make the most fuss. Don't you know this 'ere's a joke?"

"I don't believe," whimpered Dorothy, "that it's Mr. de Vere at all; he would never behave like this."

"As a matter of fact and 'ard swearing," said Mr. Potter, slipping the necklace she handed him into his capacious pocket, "I've gone by a many names, but I can't say as I recollect de Vere among 'em. But it's a pretty name, and I'll answer to it if you like."

"Then is it a real burglar?" gasped Mrs. Leyland.

"Mum," said Mr. Potter, with an air of congratulation, "you needn't never make no other guess, for you've spotted it wonderful. If you'll take those gloves off I could see what rings you 'ave on," he added.

"Then," she groaned, "your father the Earl——"

"He may have been an Earl," observed Mr. Potter, as he moved among the trembling girls, collecting their valuables, "but mostly he was a chimney-sweep when he was out of quod. Are you sure, now, none of you ain't got nothing more?"

"No, indeed," wept the bereaved maidens, too frightened to protest much, even though they could not restrain their tears as they saw all their treasures disappearing into Mr. Potter's pockets, "we've nothing more."

"If I thought you wasn't telling the truth," threatened Mr. Potter, whereupon they all assured him again they had nothing more, clustering together the while and holding each other very fast, with an air of being prepared to share one common fate. And suddenly the youngest of them burst into a paroxysm of loud sobs.

"If that there's a guilty conscience," said Mr. Potter, "all I can say is—fork out!"

"Oh, won't you please go away?" implored Miss Dorothy. "You've got everything any of us had. Do, please, go."

"Well, what about you?" asked Mr. Potter, turning to Mrs. Leyland, and toying so convincingly with his pistol that she handed over all she possessed with singular meekness and speed.

"And now won't you go?" implored Miss Dorothy. "If you don't, we shall all begin to scream soon."

"I wouldn't advise you to," said Mr. Potter, grimly, "seein' as 'ow you might then get somethin' to scream about. What is puzzlin' me is what to do with you. I can't 'ave you runnin' and yellin' after me the moment I'm gone."

His shivering victims made no answer, and he continued, meditatively, "I suppose there's a coal-cellar? I think as I'll 'ave to ask you all to step down there."

"Oh, no!" screamed all the four girls together; and one of them shudderingly explained, "There are rats and mice down there."

"Lor' bless your pretty faces," replied Mr. Potter, benevolently, "rats and mice as is there don't matter; it's when they ain't there and you still sees 'em as you 'ave something to 'owl about—as, very like," he added, with an air of deep gloom, "some of you may find out for yourselves when you're a bit older."

"If you'll only go away," said Mrs. Leyland, desperately, "we'll promise to take no steps against you whatever and you can keep all our jewels."

"I'd like that all right," said Mr. Potter, but explained, with some indignation, "only them police won't take no notice of promises—ain't got no sense of honour, I suppose. No," he said, with sudden decision, "it'll have to be the coal-cellar."

Dolorous indeed was the sad procession now formed by the four lamenting maidens and the melancholy matron whom Mr. Potter politely marshalled downstairs to the coal-cellar, wherein he securely locked them, returning thence upstairs with the air of a man having good reason to be satisfied with himself.

"I wonder if there is anything wet about," he mused; "I reckon I deserve a drink." Still favoured by the fickle goddess Fortune, he found a bottle of whisky, from which he helped himself liberally. "Ah!" he said, with a deep sigh, "that's good, after what I've been through. Lor', think what might 'ave 'appened! S'pose as they 'ad all 'ad his-stir-ricks together. I expect," he added, thoughtfully, glancing at himself in a mirror opposite, "as it was my heye as quelled 'em."

He spent a few minutes going rapidly through the house collecting

some more articles of value, and then, realising that he was running unnecessary risks by delaying so long, he went out by the front-door, and had only just time to dodge behind a laburnum-bush as a young man, dressed in a kind of dream-like and idealised copy of Mr. Potter's own attire, ran hurriedly up the garden-path and began knocking loudly at the front-door.

"That, I suppose," said Mr. Potter to himself, very disgustedly, "is what they call a screwsman's get-up. Why, it wouldn't take in any one. Blowed if he 'asn't dress-shoes on and a silk wipe, and Lord knows what."

He shook his head sadly and crawled away towards the garden-gate, while the genuine Mr. de Vere, apparently puzzled that his knocks brought no response, pushed open the door, which Mr. Potter had neglected to close, and, somewhat hesitatingly, stepped inside. And so absorbed was Mr. Potter in watching him that he quite forgot his natural caution, and was only called to himself when a hand fell on his shoulder and a voice inquired, "Who in thunder are you and what are you crawling about here for? Light a match, Lizzie, and let's see what I've got."

For a moment Mr. Potter gave himself up for lost, for he was held very firmly by the collar, there was plenty of help within call, and in his pockets there was no lack of incriminating evidence. But the name his captor had used gave him an idea.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he said, humbly, touching the brim of his hat, "but is you John and Elizabeth? I don't know your other names."

"What the dickens do you mean?" was the amazed response.

"And does you," pursued Mr. Potter, "know a lady called Mrs. Leyland, with four young ladies, as was all badly scared by a burglar or someone like that a bit ago? 'Cause, if you do, there's a game they've got on with a Mr. de Vere to pretend to be a burglar himself to frighten you in your turn," and Mr. Potter touched his hat again and paused to wait for developments.

His captor asked him a few brief questions, to which Mr. Potter replied, representing that he had come by his knowledge through overhearing the ladies talking about it.

"So I thought, sir," he concluded, meekly touching his hat again, "as you might make it worth my while to 'ang about to tell you, sir."

"I am very much obliged to you, my man," said the other, heartily, pressing a sovereign into his hand. "Call here to-morrow and I'll see you again. Come on, Lizzie. As soon as you see him, go for one side and I'll tackle him the other. Above all things, mind, don't let him speak, and if you break your umbrella I'll buy you a better to-morrow."

With hurried and silent steps they sped towards the house, while Mr. Potter, a sweet smile on his lips, lingered to light his pipe.

"There they go," he muttered, as a sudden tumult broke out upon the peaceful night. "That'll be John," he observed, at a particularly loud bang. "And that," he added, hearing a shrill scream, "will be Elizabeth, earning her new umbrella. And that," he concluded, with satisfaction, at a succession of piercing howls of anguish, "will be the bloke what 'ad the impudence to pretend to be me."

He lounged away, but had not gone far when a still louder and more confused babel of shouts and cries reached his ears.

"Ah!" he said, "that'll be them in the cellar. Just like women," he added, complainingly; "seems to be a sheer impossibility for 'em to keep their tongues still."

A dead silence succeeded, and Mr. Potter put his pipe in his pocket.

"Now," he muttered, "they'll be 'aving explanations, and it's time for me to do a guy. But, on the 'ole," he concluded, stroking with satisfaction his bulging pockets, "I call this 'ere a most successful joke."





WHEN the present theatrical season is over and the nine-year-old partnership which has existed between Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude comes to an end, the new combination, according to the gossip which has been heard in the Green-room with growing persistency since the news of the rupture fluttered the dove-cotes of Theatreland, is to be between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Forbes-Robertson.

This will bring the wheel full-circle, for it cannot be forgotten that Mr. Harrison's first managerial venture was in association with Mr. Forbes-Robertson at the Lyceum. Among the plays produced then were "The School for Scandal" and "For the Crown." In the former, Mr. Cyril Maude acted Sir Benjamin Backbite to the Joseph of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and the Lady Teazle of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, while in the latter Miss Winifred Emery was associated with the two last-named players. When Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell joined forces, Mr. Harrison allied himself with Mr. Maude and Miss Emery and began what has proved to be one of the most financially successful partnerships in the history of the modern theatre.

Playgoers who are unlearned in the physical characteristics of the monarchs of England may be forgiven for being puzzled about the personality of Charles II. At the Avenue he stands fully six feet high, while at the Imperial he must be quite three or four inches shorter. And at the mention of the name, there naturally, by a process of association of ideas, occurs the picture of Mr. Fred Terry's stalwart Charles in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," to add a third portrait to the mind, which is complicated by Mr. Frank Cooper's even more robust Charles, to say nothing of Mr. Charles Cartwright's impersonation of the Merry Monarch, which comes physically between these two last named and Mr. Esmond's impersonation. Indeed, if Charles II. goes on multiplying in this way, we shall be able to apply to him

Miss Margaret Halstan has long been recognised as an actress of more than ordinary ability, one dowered alike with that peculiar quality which is vaguely described as temperament, and with the gift of expressing emotion, as those who saw her remarkable performance in "The Good Hope" will remember. Now she is to have the



MISS TESSIE HACKNEY, APPEARING IN "VÉRONIQUE,"
AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

opportunity of appearing in the part which all young actresses sigh for, for "Romeo and Juliet" has been chosen by Mr. Flanagan, the well-known manager of Manchester, for his annual Shaksperian revival in January of next year, and Miss Halstan has been engaged by him to impersonate Juliet. This is not the only engagement which is occupying Miss Halstan's thoughts: it has just been announced that she is to marry Mr. John Hartman Morgan, of the Inner Temple.

The news that Mr. Charles Morton has, through continued ill-health, felt compelled to sever his connection with the Palace Theatre was received with deep regret, for "The Father of the Music Halls," as he is familiarly called, is one of the most popular personages in the entertainment world. It is now fifty-four years since Mr. Morton built the Canterbury and thus started a movement which has transformed the halls from the mere free-and-easy taverns of that day to the palatial buildings we now know, provided with art of a far higher order than had at one time been dreamed of. A few years after came the Oxford, and then the old Philharmonic, which became the home of such light operas as "Geneviève de Brabant," "The Grand Duchess," and "La Fille de Madame Angot." But to the generation of to-day Mr. Morton is best known through his long management of the Palace Theatre, which he turned from a disastrous failure into a triumphant success. Among the many actors and singers of note whom Mr. Morton has been instrumental in introducing to his audiences may be mentioned Augustus Braham, Miss Russell, Mr. Charles Santley, Mdlle. Parepa, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Lewis Waller.



MR. MARK KINGHORNE AS SIR GAVIN MACKENZIE, M.D., IN
"THE GARDEN OF LIES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Gilbert's famous description of Hamlet which he put into the mouth of Ophelia in his "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," for Hamlet was "Alike for no two seasons at a time. Sometimes he is tall; sometimes he is very short."

KEY-NOTES

MR. ALFRED SCHULZ-CURTIUS is never so happy as when he is giving Club Concerts, as he loves to call them, during the winter months. At one time, as we all know, he made these concerts a sort of social function, so that between whilsts conversation might be rife and men might air their artistic opinions upon the pictures that were hung in Prince's Galleries. He now depends upon no such adventitious sort of advertisement; and he announces that twenty musical entertainments will be given at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoons, beginning on Nov. 5 and continuing until April 8. That sounds like a noble undertaking, and we trust that it will be fulfilled with every possible success. Miss Marie Brema, Madame Blanche Marchesi, and other artists of immediate renown have been engaged, with many another singer or player whose name is recognised in the musical world of to-day, for these concerts, and it



MR. HENRY RUSSELL, DIRECTOR OF THE SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

Photograph by Vandyk.

appears that the very best sort of music is to be produced on these occasions, a matter which one would have expected at the hands of Mr. Schulz-Curtius.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie is about, so I understand, to make another journey to Canada and conduct in that enthusiastic country a second Festival Tour, under the management of Mr. Harris. I am sorry to note that Sir Alexander has determined to take with him the Cantata which he composed for Leeds, "The Witch's Daughter." I, who have the greatest admiration for Sir Alexander Mackenzie's work, no less than for his personality, which is so strong that he never allows anything to interfere with his work either as a composer or as a teacher, feel that he is not taking his best work with him, and that he is not taking of his own brain-work quite that which is the best result of his many musical creations.

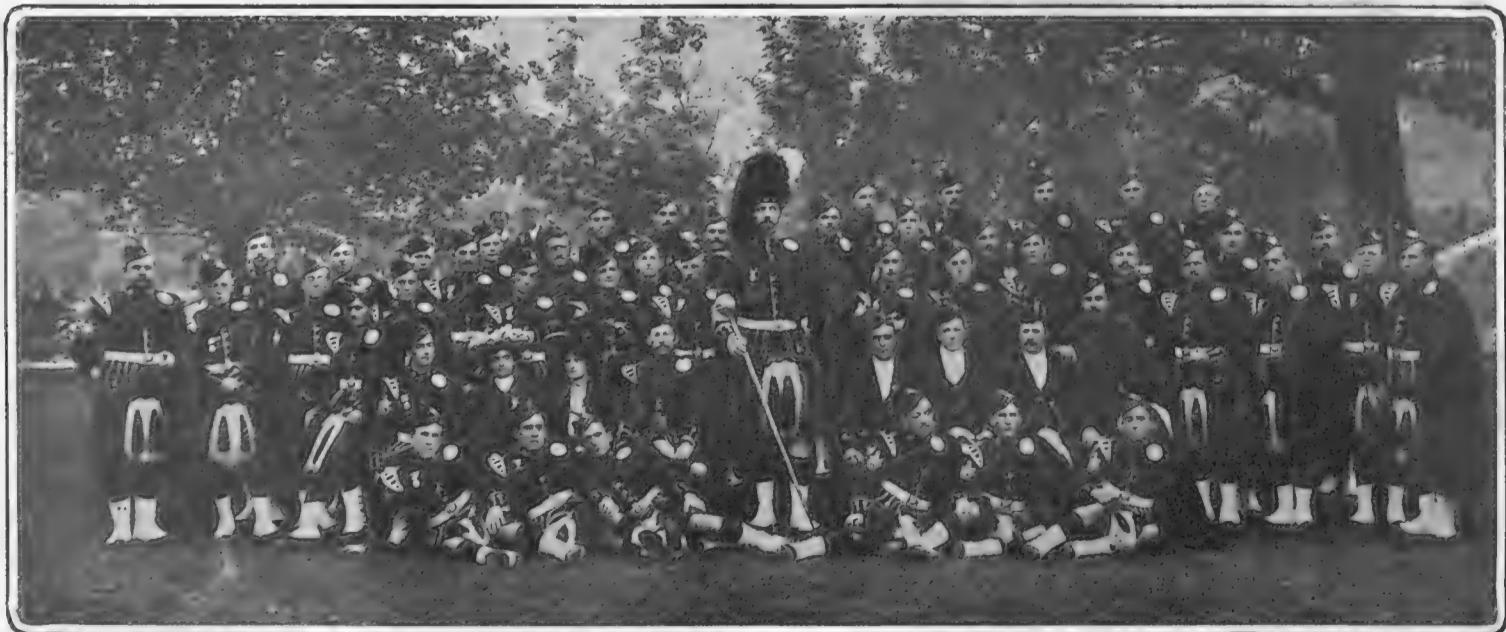
Sir Alexander is one of those men who work so determinedly and who are ready for so much industry, whether it is given or whether it is sought for, that one can only lament that the composer of "The Rose of Sharon" has been compelled to compose works which are not worthy of his pen, but are only indicative of a temperament which has been already much abused by the trials of teaching.

I am informed that the ordinary choir at York is going through its training with very satisfactory results. Mr. Tertius Noble has been during a long period developing many promising voices in the town of York in order to make up a sort of outside choir which should, in the long run, become a really fine combination of singers for the town of York, a choir which may finally attain a real fame and name. The new organ, which, it will be remembered by readers of these columns, was opened by one of the great organists of this country, and is now established as an absolutely classic instrument in its own way, naturally gives Mr. Noble a chance which is not easily to be attained by those who regard their instruments as merely part and parcel of daily work. Nevertheless, it is part of the music of England which is absorbed in the great organs of the big cathedrals that lie dotted here and there about the country.

Mr. Ivor Atkins, Dr. Sinclair, and Dr. Brewer are doing their best in the West of England to show the people what music should be, and how nobly an ecclesiastical chant may be carried on week by week among people who, perhaps, have little suspicion that among them there is a real musician guiding their feelings, making haste to help their musical instincts, and, above all things, using their best talent to show how wonderfully the musical inspiration of the common, the ordinary, the everyday life of them that flock to services may be made greater by the things that belong to, and come from, the music of all time. One often thinks of these organists in their quiet closes, and instantly makes comparison with such a man as Henry Purcell, who day by day magnified his genius in the worship of that great Abbey where the bones of twenty generations are buried; and then one harks back to the men who are doing the same work in the beautiful towns that lie apart in the country of England, and are part of England's poetry.

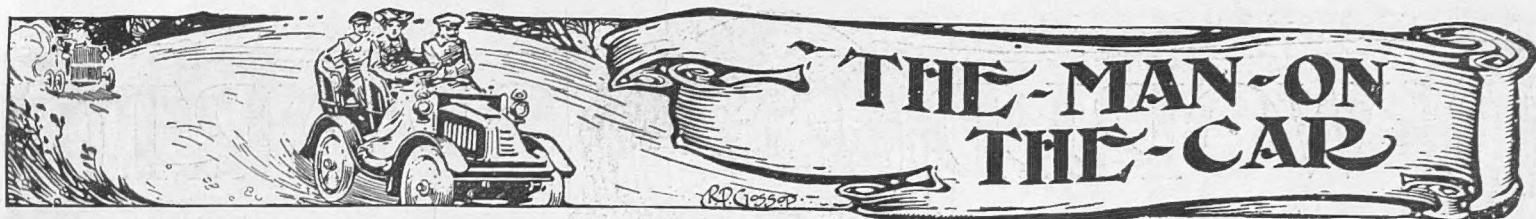
COMMON CHORD.

Mr. Henry Russell, the Director of the San Carlo Opera Company, is probably the youngest impresario who has ever controlled a Company at Covent Garden. As an Englishman he had a compliment paid to him which is unique, coming, as it did, from "The Land of Song." This was the invitation from the Conservatoire of Rome that he should become a Professor of Voice Production, or, as it is called in Italian, "Impostazione della voce." Mr. Russell will be remembered as having been greatly instrumental in restoring her voice to Madame Duse when, by a wrong method of production, she had strained it almost to vanishing point. Among his other pupils have been Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Cary-Elwes, and Miss Alice Nielsen.



THE KILTIES BAND, NOW ON TOUR IN THE PROVINCES.

From a Photograph taken at Ballater upon the occasion of the recent "Command" Performance before His Majesty at Balmoral.



Mending Inner Tubes—The Marquis de Dion on the Gordon-Bennett Race—A Motor Fire-Engine.

AS there are nine-and-twenty ways of writing tribal lays, so there are more methods than one of patching the punctured inner tubes of pneumatic tyres. One way, and that the crudest and most exasperating, one, indeed, which has to be frequently followed by the automobilist who vies with the Foolish Virgins—and, as they carried no spare illuminant, he carries no spare inner tubes—that one way which Mr. Lack-of-Thought, or, it may be, Lack-of-Pence, is perforce obliged to adopt, is to stick a rubber patch over the hole with rubber solution. Well enough, perhaps, for bicycle-tyres, but with motor-tubes you only stick such patches on that they may come off again at the most inopportune moment. The next way, and an excellent one it is, is to send the damaged tube to a good rubber-manufacturing firm and have a patch vulcanised on. The third way, and the best that has as yet come under my notice, is that adopted by one or two firms, and consists in cutting a hole of about a quarter of an inch in diameter in the tube, with the original puncture as a centre, and introducing the patch to be affixed to the inside surface of the tube, leaving the hole cut for its introduction to be filled up flush with rubber paste and then vulcanised all solid. It makes a grand and absolutely stable repair, and tubes should never be mended in any other way.

The Marquis de Dion, to whom French automobilism owes so much, suggests some very sweeping alterations in the conditions of the Gordon-Bennett race for 1905. The Marquis is of opinion that the distance over which the cup is at present competed for is insufficient, and that, at least, it should be doubled. At present it does not suffice to demonstrate and thoroughly test the endurance of both car and tyres. Further, the Marquis de Dion is of opinion that each nation competing should be represented by three cars, but that the trio should all be by one firm of manufacturers. In this proposal Mr. S. F. Edge is at one with him, but, from my point of view, such a condition would absolutely strangle Gordon-Bennett ambition on the part of any but the very richest firms. To construct, prepare, test, and race three of these otherwise useless fliers is so costly a job that

even millionaires blench at it. Then, again, the Marquis considers that the Blue Riband of the automobile world should go to the best average made by any nation's three cars, and not to the car that actually finishes first. My objection to this is that the public, in whose interests or for whose consideration the race is run, would never consider averages for a moment, but would write down the car that got the course within the rules in the shortest time as the winner and best car in the race, while the devil might take the hindmost.

Then, again, the Marquis suggests that the stacks of tyres and tyre-material and armies of repairers along the road shall disappear, in which I am indeed with him, as are, I believe, all the probable English and French competitors save one. The Marquis suggests that each competitor should be allowed two inner tubes and two outer covers only on the car. Perhaps the permitted number might be doubled without any harm done, and, as has been pointed out by an eminent racing automobilist on this side, such a restriction as to tyres would indubitably add to the safety of automobile-racing, for it would cause drivers to be heaps more particular as to the risks they took. Mechanics and tyre-repairers on the road should be suppressed, and if this is done that will be one step towards getting the Gordon-Bennett race down to the conditions suggested some time since by the English Club.

Though London lags behind in the matter of motor fire-engines, some of our provincial cities have, like Paris, made at least a step in the right direction. Leicester has now a first-aid engine which is probably the fastest in the world, since it is capable of a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. Built by the Wolseley Company, it is fitted with a petrol motor, and can thus be started instantly at any time. The chassis, which weighs about a ton, is constructed to carry with safety a load of a ton and a quarter, and all the mechanism is protected from dirt by a shield slung beneath. A couple of nine-foot ladders are carried on brackets, and the step at the back accommodates two first-aid chemical cylinders.



THE FASTEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE WORLD: THIS FIRST-AID ENGINE, BUILT FOR THE CITY OF LEICESTER BY THE WOLSELEY COMPANY, CAN TRAVEL THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cesarewitch—The Cambridgeshire—"Doping"—The Home Circuit.

I DO not remember a finer Cesarewitch day than that of Wednesday, and certainly I never saw more people satisfied with the result. Wargrave seemingly had been backed for the race by every little speculator in the country, and he did not forget to win either. Mr. Bottomley's horse had been specially prepared for the event, and, what is more, he had been taught to stay. There is some virtue in the Alfriston Downs, after all, for it was here that Wild Man from Borneo was trained for the Grand National, and Euclid was prepared for the Lincoln Handicap on the same Downs. Yet, when Lord Rosebery's horses were prepared at Alfriston by Charley Wood, some of the sporting scribes said the Downs were unsuitable for the training of flat-racers. Wargrave paid for throwing up last year, as he was as sound as a bell after winning the Cesarewitch. The honours of the race, I maintain, rest with Rondeau, who, as a four-year-old, had to give a lot of weight away. War Wolf, who finished third, is a useful customer and will win another big handicap presently. Foundling ran in disappointing fashion, and is evidently no boy's horse. Mr. Bottomley threw in for a big stake over the winner and advised all his City friends to be on the good thing. It was a very bad race for the bookmakers.

The market over the Cambridgeshire is likely to become very cramped, as Wargrave had been coupled in several big double-event wagers with Delaunay, Hackler's Pride, Golden Saint, Dean Swift, Grey Plume, and others. The race on paper looks like a good thing for Delaunay, who is said to be within measurable distance of Pretty Polly at home. Mr. Gilpin's stable is at the top of its form just now, and the Pit colt should have a tremendous following. But the late Admiral Rous told us that weight could bring a horse and a donkey together, and it may be that the feather division will supply a surprise. I confess I do not know where to look for it at this time of day, and the present looks very much like being a repetition of the Ballantrae year, so far as the double-event merchants are concerned. And the bookies, as a body, are terrible cowards. They confine their risks to the lowest possible limits, and when a Delaunay rises up against them they begin to whine and they try to hedge; but, luckily, as in the present case, it is not always possible, so the ringsters have no alternative but to stand up and be shot at.

It is rumoured in sporting circles that "doping" is not by any means dead either in this country or in France, and one or two winners that have rolled home at long prices of late are supposed to have been dosed with Dutch courage. I pity the culprits who are found in the act. One thing is certain, they would never be allowed to carry on their malpractices in England again, and it is said the French authorities are equally keen on putting a stop to the dastardly game. A few years back, when some of the American trainers

"doped" horses in England, we witnessed some remarkable upsets of form; but these were brought about at the expense of the horses "doped," for not a single animal that came under the influence was any good for racing when trained on English methods afterwards. I quite agree with giving a nervous horse a dose of whisky or a bottle of old port, but as to applying injections of cocaine and other dangerous drugs the idea is revolting and terribly unsportsmanlike. I could never make out why the "R.S.P.C.A." did not take action against the "dopers," who, I maintained, could have been punished through the law of the land.

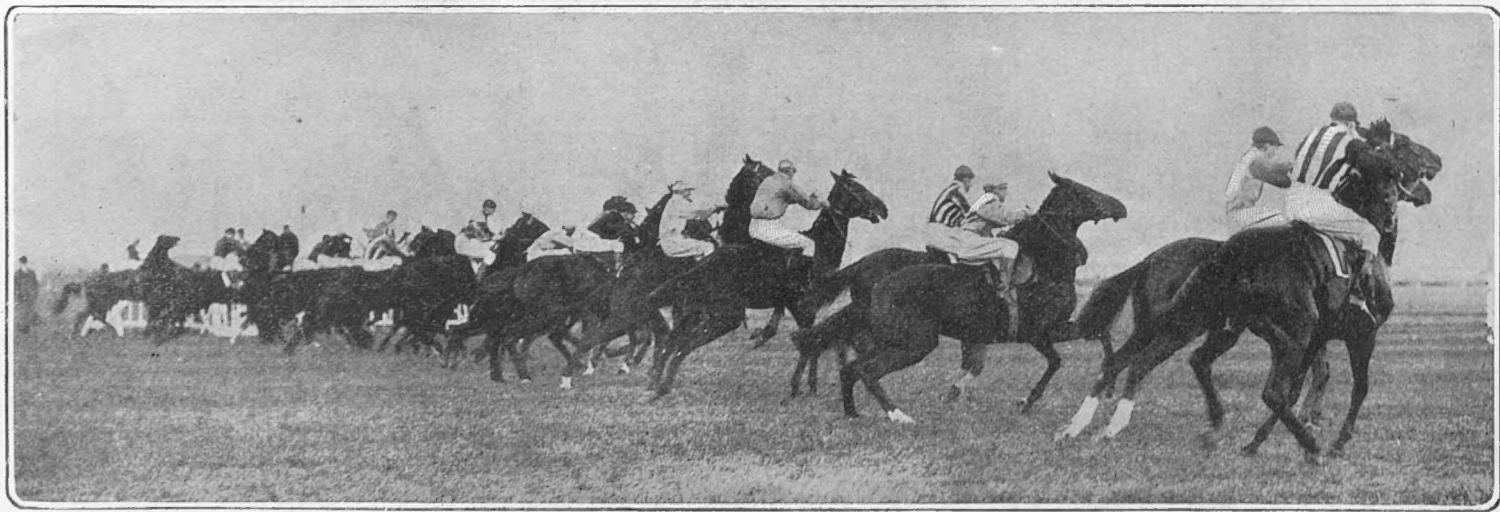
Racing takes place this week at Gatwick and at Sandown Park, and sport at both places should be interesting. The Surrey Stakes, of £2500, for two- and three-year-olds, to be decided at Gatwick, should be won by St. Amant, who is a good

colt when on his best behaviour, and his best distance is a mile or under. He was leading at seven furlongs in the race won by Bachelor's Button at Newmarket. It must be galling to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild to find the colt turning out to be a non-stayer after his meritorious performance in the race for the Derby. The chief race at Sandown Park will be that for the Great Sapling Plate on the Friday. Galantine looks to have a good chance on paper. The Sandown managers stipulated for three hundred entries for the Eclipse Stakes of 1907, but they have very wisely chosen to rule out the hundred and seventy-eight nominations received at the second time of asking. His Majesty the King has seven horses entered, Lord Rosebery has made ten entries, and the Duke of Portland and Sir James Miller eight each. The public breeders have not patronised the race, in spite of the fact that five hundred pounds is offered for the nominator of the winner. I am glad the race has been kept on, as it would have been a blow to Sandown if the item had been allowed to collapse.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY'S WARGRAVE, WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH.



THE NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING: START FOR THE MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF there is anything in this variegated world more calculated to raise one's spirits (and so delude one into thinking our planet the best of all possible places) than a fine October day for a race-meeting, I would like to hear of it. Newmarket was once more a halcyon experience, with bright sunshine and blue skies overhead, cheery



[Copyright.]

THE NEW WINTER-COAT OF SEAL AND SABLE.

faces all around, and a popular win which put money in one's purse. What combination of circumstances more absolutely calculated to cheer! Never in the history of motoring since that exhilarating mode of conveyance came in has so great a gathering of automobiles been seen. "It would seem," remarked a slightly cynical acquaintance, "as if every other person in England must be a semi-millionaire," and, indeed, the prevailing note on the 12th was one of prosperity. Apparent or simulated, it was there, and everybody had the air of new clothes, moreover, which is inseparable from the early winter session. Purple was, one noticed, greatly in favour, "Consuelo, Duchess," being one of several Americans who wore it well. Lady Cadogan was in a pale tone of the same colour—heliotrope, to wit—and very becoming it was.

Amongst studies in brown Lady Lurgan's *chic* little costume of cigar-coloured cloth was noticeably pretty. The Duchess of Devonshire demonstrated how well the French mixture of brown and grey blends by wearing a velvet gown of the first colour and a splendid cape of chinchilla. What frantic prices furs are reaching now, by the way. Infinitesimal sable ties are retailed for what an entire muff and "tippet" would have reached fifteen years ago. Ermine has leaped to the front rank, but is more used on evening-cloaks than anywhere, while chinchilla, most delicate and dainty of pelts, is beyond the reach of all except eldest sons' wives and other ladies of wealth.

Just now Peter Robinson has an immense selection of all the superior sorts of fur. Some pointed black-fox stoles for seven guineas seem very inexpensive, as they are decidedly becoming. Then one saw the new-shaped Siberian marmot tie at one guinea, which seemed

an absurdly inadequate price for so smart an addition to one's *ensemble*. A Canadian musquash coat, collared and cuffed with chinchilla, was the epitome of luxury and warmth at a quite get-at-able price, while bolero coats (basqued) of mink or Persian lamb represented the last cry of *chic* and fashion. Illustrations of each style and skin appear in a smart new catalogue which has just been brought out by this great firm. It is called "Fashions Up to Date," and details the design and price of every item of the wardrobe, from furs, model costumes, and Parisian millinery down to the matters most minute of women's wearables. This catalogue is posted immediately on receipt of a card addressed to Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, and will be found an invaluable guide to forthcoming frills and furbelows by town and country cousins alike.

One of our illustrations this week figures forth a new design of Ernest's on which is visibly stamped the cachet that marks all his creations. Over an embroidered under-dress the upper drapery falls in panels, and a tiny vest of mulberry-coloured velvet is repeated on the sleeve-cuffs. Ernest always achieves the difficult combination of *chic* and originality—his colour schemes are no less well-governed than his style is individual—and the woman who surrenders her external effects into his able hands may securely feel that her best points are emphasised and the utmost effect arrived at in her appearance.

Oetzmann's of Hampstead Road are waking the local and other echoes with the great bargains that are being offered in all departments during their clearance sale, which began on the 10th inst. and continues for some weeks. Besides furniture, electro-plate, silver, china, carpets,



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING MODEL AT ERNEST'S, REGENT STREET, W.

cretonnes, and curtains are being offered at surprisingly low prices, and the sale catalogue, which contains hundreds of illustrations, is sent post free on application.

Perhaps the most uncomfortable thing about the British climate is its propensity to east wind—temper-rasping, bone-racking, skin-chapping,

nose-reddening villain that it is. As far as the complexion goes, it is simply at the mercy of this monster, and, unless sufficient care is taken, it becomes permanently coarsened from the constant irritating process that goes on between October and May. Of many salves and cures that are constantly exploited, Mrs. Adair's treatment will be found uniformly soothing and satisfactory. In spreading her pinions from 90, New Bond Street, and establishing yet another branch at 82, High Street, Birmingham, Mrs. Adair deserves well of women in the Midlands, for her specialities are well-proved successes and her special method of treating the skin, muscles, and complexion an established habit with all who value their appearance.

Housewives hastening home after the delightful inconsequence of holidays free from fireside cares will find that a good many household belongings need the fostering care of the cleaner. To all and sundry such let Mortimer Brothers of Plymouth be heartily recommended. Their prices are quite moderate and their work unexceptionable, and men will find it useful to know that dyeing and cleaning masculine garments are a speciality. They come back tailor-pressed and generally overhauled, looking once more as if they had just issued from Savile Row, which one's friends inform one is the accepted centre of their necessities.

Numbers of Americans are purchasing furniture in Europe, notwithstanding the excessive rates, since the great displays of the St. Louis Exhibition. Omniscient as our Transatlantic friends are in divers ways, their home-grown and home-made furniture has not yet the cachet of the best European manufacture. Therefore it is not surprising to hear that, amongst many exhibitors, native and foreign, Messrs. Waring have taken two Grand Prizes at this World's Fair, which, though less vaunted and talked about, is really far more interesting and successful than the fiasco of Chicago some years back.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

BRIDGET (Kingstown).—Ermine and chinchilla are too cold a mixture. One that is extremely fashionable at the moment is marmot or mink with ermine. The white and brown tone admirably. As you have so much ermine, I would get it made up with one of these furs, if I were you. Yes, velvet gowns are in high favour and fashion now.

SÝBIL.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

QUEEN WILHELMINA and her husband, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, have greatly enjoyed their holiday in Mecklenburg (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). The Royal couple have been stopping at their charming estate, Dobbin. While Prince Henry devoted himself with his customary passion to the chase, the Queen occupied her spare hours in painting and photographing. She has completed some very effective pictures of the Castle of Dobbin as viewed from various points of advantage in the park; but perhaps her best effort is a delightful study of the village street. A few days ago, the Royal pair instituted their annual festival for the children of the countryside. Prince Henry, who availed himself, with many humourous turns, of the Low German language, superintended the amusement of the boys, while the Queen, who preferred to show her proficiency in High German, looked after the little girls. By direction of the Prince, a number of sacks of bran were emptied beneath a horizontal bar, on which the boys were urged, by the promise of prizes, to attempt the most difficult feats. Great was the laughter when one of the chubby village lads tumbled into the bran and reappeared white as a man of snow.

Meanwhile, the little girls had been having a rare time at "potato races." After the distribution of prizes the village guests were bidden to a well-laden table. The Queen herself served the girls with cups of chocolate and cake. Her Majesty also presented each one of them with a photograph, taken by herself, of last year's festival. At the close of the day a new group was formed and photographed by the young Queen. Prince Henry is described by the Mecklenburgers as a model landlord. He has an eye for every detail in the economy of farming and is most generous in all matters appertaining to repairs. This year he has authorised the renovation and decoration of the village church of Dobbin.

The German Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecilie are still the object of general attention in Germany. They spent last week at Baden-Baden on a visit to the grandfather of the Duchess, the wealthy Grand Duke Michael Nicolajevitsch. Every evening during their visit the engaged couple attended the concert given by the Hungarian Orchestra in the hotel at which His Royal Highness was staying. So delighted was the Crown Prince with the performance on Friday that he ordered his violin to be brought to him. To the accompaniment of the orchestra he then played for a full hour the favourite pieces of his fiancée. At the conclusion of the concert the Prince presented the conductor of the orchestra with a valuable scarf-pin bearing the Royal Arms and his own initials. The Duchess Cecilie is spending this week on a visit to her future mother-in-law, the German Empress, at Potsdam.

Admiral Alexeieff, whose visit to General Kuropatkin at Mukden has served to remind the world once more of the fateful influence he has exercised on the war, is hated by all Russians in the Far East with an intensity which his patrons in St. Petersburg fail to appreciate. I gather from a private letter which has reached a Russian gentleman

in Germany from a well-informed compatriot in Mukden that the reason of the execration with which the Viceroy is regarded is to be found in the absolutely ruthless manner in which he places his personal comfort above the interests of his country.

It is well known that, on the night of the first Japanese surprise attack on Port Arthur, the Admiral had laid himself to repose, after giving the strictest orders that he was on no account to be disturbed. But it is not so generally known that, during his stay at Port Arthur, no freight-trains were allowed to run for a whole week, in order that the line might be kept quite free for his return to the North. Some of the tales told by the Russian correspondent about Admiral Alexeieff would provide excellent material for the comic-opera stage if they were not of so tragic a nature for the Russians. While the Admiral was at Mukden, the station-master was strictly prohibited from giving the usual signals—which, by the way, are uncommonly loud and numerous on Russian lines—to indicate the impending departure of the trains. The reason for this measure was that the dwelling of the Viceroy was in the immediate neighbourhood of the station and that the Admiral greatly objected to all noises. It almost seems that the Admiral objects, above all things, to the noise of cannon. On another occasion, traffic along the section leading to Harbin was entirely suspended, both for military and freight trains, in order that a special train bearing the Viceroy's chiropodist might not be delayed.

A NOTABLE NONAGENARIAN.

Mr. John Brinsmead, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on Oct. 13, is the founder of the firm of John Brinsmead and Sons, famous the world over for their pianofortes. Born at Weare Giffard, near Torrington, he began life as a farmer's boy, but a rural career was not to his liking, so he was articled to a cabinet-maker at Great Torrington, and later on migrated to

London, where for a time he worked as a journeyman in a piano-forte factory, eventually becoming a junior partner in the firm. In 1837 he founded his present business, commencing with the assistance of one man and an apprentice. Now John Brinsmead and Sons employ some three hundred workmen. In the same year Mr. Brinsmead married a lady six months younger than himself, and he and Mrs. Brinsmead have now enjoyed a happy married life of sixty-seven years' duration. They have seven children, twenty-two grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. For several years Mr. Brinsmead was Chairman of the Board of Guardians of St. Pancras, and he was widely known in the poorer districts of that

parish for his unobtrusive philanthropy. His firm have representatives in all parts of the English-speaking world, as well as in many other countries, while their pianos have gained the highest awards at the principal International Exhibitions since 1851. Among the honours conferred on Mr. Brinsmead are the Honorary Membership of the National Academy of France (1874), Chevalier of the Legion of Honour (1878), Portuguese Royal Order of Knighthood (1886), Royal appointment to Her Majesty the Queen (then Princess of Wales) in 1889, Royal appointment to His Majesty the King (then Prince of Wales) in 1891, also Royal and special appointments to their Majesties the Kings of Portugal, Italy, Bavaria, Sweden, and Norway, the Shah of Persia, and several members of the English Royal Family.

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MR. JOHN BRINSMEAD.